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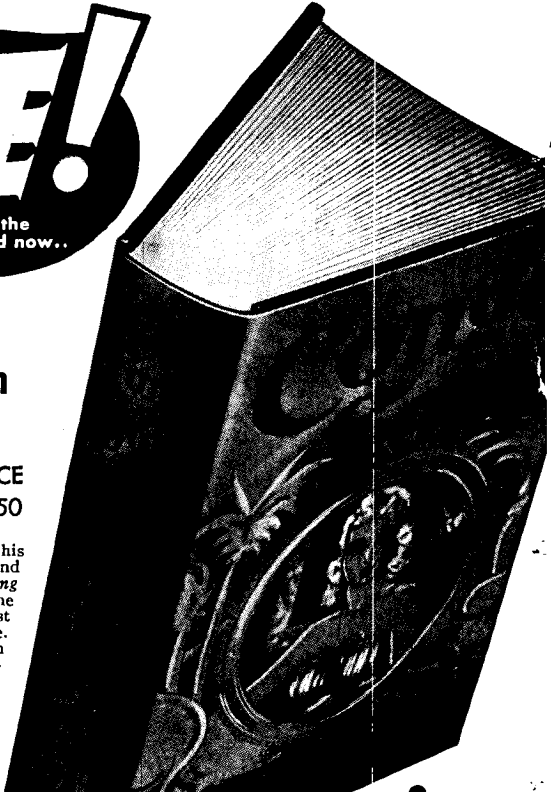
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— CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE —

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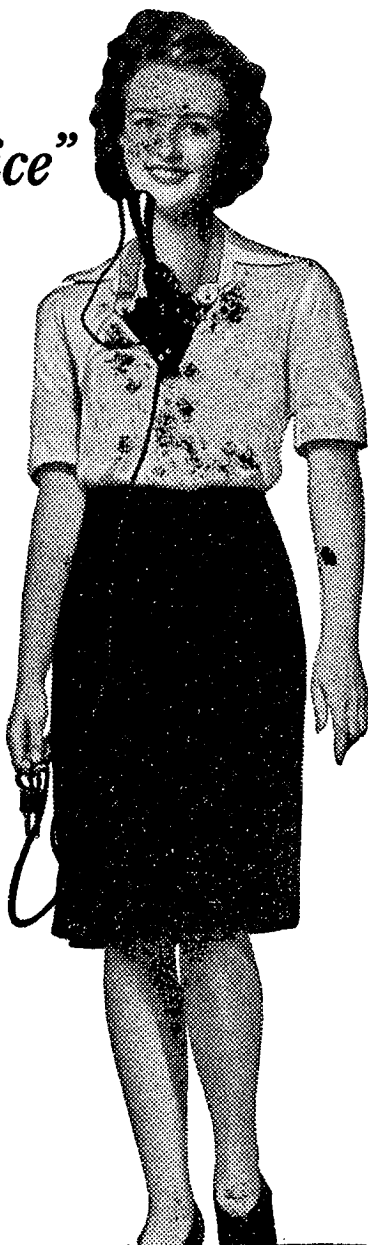
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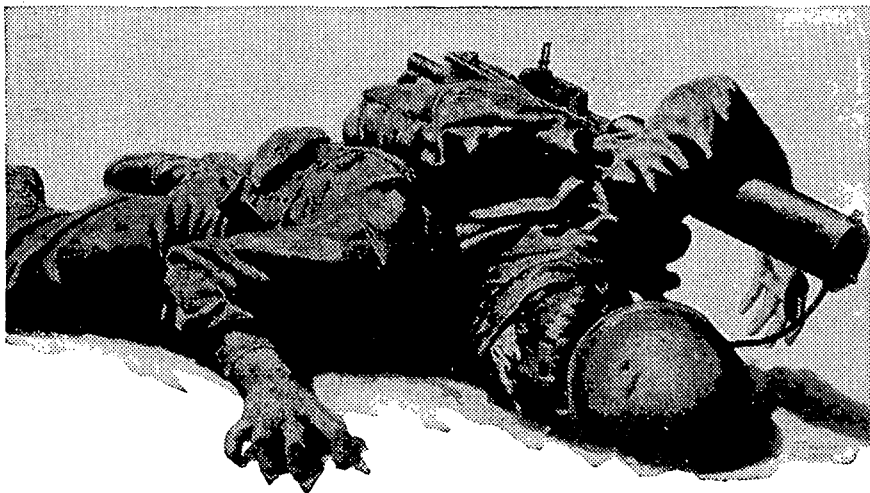
REPORT FROM TOKYO, by Joseph Grew. \$1.00. *Simon and Schuster.* The substance of this book was delivered to the American public over the radio and on the lecture platform by our former Ambassador to Japan. These speeches, somewhat revised, appear even more impressive. Again and again Mr. Grew warns that, on the whole, we "are dangerously ill-informed regarding the strength" of Japan which has been totalitarian almost from very beginnings, has far more endurance than Nazi Germany, and can be defeated only by being crushed "by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials."

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NONE MORE COURAGEOUS, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$2.50. *Macmillan.* Brief portraits of some thirty heroes produced by the United States in World War II so far, including Captain Wheeler, Lieut. Commandant Bulkeley, Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., Brigadier General Jimmie Doolittle, Major Jack P. S. Devreux, and Seaman John Cullen, U. S. Coast Guard. They are all very well done.

(Continued on page 372)



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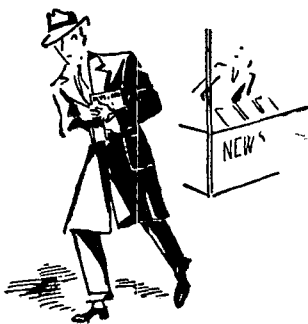
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The American MERCURY

STASSEN CHALLENGES THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

FATE appears to be tapping the shoulder of the Republican Party. In the elections of 1942, the people elevated what had been a minority party to a full partnership in the war government. Seventy-five million Americans now have Republican governors in their state capitols. Two-thirds of the war production is now carried on in states with Republican administrations. At the recent meeting of the Council of State Governments in Baltimore, it was easy to see that Governors like Stassen of Minnesota, Bricker of Ohio, Saltonstall of Massachusetts, and Griswold of Nebraska have taken the ball away from their Democratic colleagues. In Washington, the

smart whisper in the embassies says: "Cultivate the Republican leaders, for the Republicans may make the peace."

It is possible to believe that the trend toward the Republican Party will continue; that the voter's impulse to "sweep the bureaucrats out of Washington" will grow stronger; and that the Republican Party, indeed, may find itself charged with the responsibility of leadership at the peace table and during the postwar reorganization of this country.

Because of this possibility, every American must be concerned with the mind of the Republican Party, with the thinking of the Republican leadership, and with the Re-

publican plan for the peace and for postwar America. The jockeying for leadership and the internal policy debates within the Republican fold are not the concern of Republicans only, because they may well prove fateful for the whole country and the whole world. The Republicans should be encouraged to draw a new blueprint, to agree among themselves as to its specifications, and to present their blueprint to the people for approval. Unless this is done, the country must run the risk of conferring leadership upon a negative Republican party which either has no program at all or has the wrong kind of program.

One Republican who is determined to make his party keep its date with destiny is thirty-five-year-old Harold E. Stassen, second-term Governor of Minnesota. Expecting to enter the Navy in April, Stassen is wasting no time in his efforts to promote discussion of Republican aims and ideals. He thinks that if Republicans will talk enough and debate enough during the next fifteen months they can evolve a plan which the people will approve and which may save the world from another dose of cynicism and disillusionment of the 1919 brand.

I sat with Stassen on a Saturday

afternoon high up in the St. Paul Hotel. Outside it was twenty-two below zero and we looked out the window across snow-packed houses and streets as we talked. He has none of the caginess of the usual professional politician, but talks easily and earnestly with no asides or off-the-record remarks. His ancestry is Norwegian and German and he is built like a Minnesota halfback.

"As I see this war," he said, "there is only one thing really important about it. And that is that something *good* come out of it. And I mean a positive good, not just the negative good of our having saved ourselves from defeat. If we can get something good out of the war, if we can give hope to our own people and the people of the world, then I think we'll see the greatest upsurge of human enterprise the world has ever known. There'll be no limit to what can be done. But if we muff the peace, we'll have only disillusionment and great arms races and misery and war. So it's the responsibility of every one of us to try to figure out some way that will help us to get that *good* out of the war.

"That's what I am trying to do. Just as one man and as a governor of one state and as a member of the Republican Party, I'm trying

to figure out how we can get that *good* out of the war. While we are fighting, I think we ought to keep talking about the peace from every pulpit and rostrum in the country. No man ought to be dogmatic, because none of us can be certain about these things. But if we believe in democracy, we believe that by talking enough and giving the people the facts, we can come to a sound conclusion."

I asked him: "Do you think the people will want the Republican Party to make the peace and rebuild the country?"

"Yes, I do," he answered. "And I think the Republican Party has the greatest opportunity in its history. Next year is the election year. It looks as if the war will still be going on, but it should be nearing an end. That means that just before the end of the war — just before the peace negotiations begin — the American people will have a chance to say what kind of peace they want and what this country's commitments shall be in the postwar world. I think this circumstance is important. We can prevent failure and disillusionment and cynicism if we, as Republican leaders, will tell the people *exactly what we propose to do* after the war, and then proceed to do it.

"This time the people can send instructed delegates to the peace conference."

Stassen's belief in presenting specific proposals to the people derives from his own political experience. In his first race for governor, he avoided oratory and simply went out and told the voters what he wanted to do if elected. He offered a detailed plan, and when he was elected, he used his plan as a blueprint. He converted overdrafts into surpluses, cleaned house, gave Minnesota a model labor relations law, and improved public services. His re-election last November was a foregone conclusion.

The same plan, he thinks, can be used now with relation to postwar America and the postwar world. The blueprint, with specific proposed actions, must be evolved and presented to the people. Then, when the majority has approved it, the administration can proceed. With plenty of public discussion, a resulting agreement, and honest leadership, there need be no doubts as to where America stands at the peace conference.

II

I asked Governor Stassen what he considers proper Republican activi-

ties during 1943 and 1944, while the war is being prosecuted. He replied:

"Our first responsibility, of course, is to make the greatest possible contribution to the total strength of America in the drive for complete victory. We Republicans should remind ourselves every day that victory for the United Nations is tremendously more important than that our party win in 1944. We must expose mistakes of the national administration only on a basis that will contribute to the correction of those mistakes for the country's sake.

"As to specific, constructive steps we can take, I think that we should seek to have the people receive a franker and fuller report of the facts of the war. Facts breed confidence and facts lead to the correction of mistakes. In the field of military news, I think we ought to see that censorship is not used to keep mistakes and failures from the people. In the field of domestic news, I think we ought to see that all necessary sacrifices and inconveniences are explained to the people. The people don't mind necessary sacrifice. What makes them mad is any theory which holds that unnecessary sacrifice is justified in order to 'train the people' for necessary

sacrifice. When new restrictions are decreed, I think the Republican Party should call for detailed explanations from the appointed executives who are demanding the sacrifice.

"We Republicans should fight for better management of the government. We should try to prevent buck-passing in Washington by asking for more specific responsibilities for the various executives. The people are tired of the creation and recreation of seemingly powerless commissions.

"Then I think that the Republican Party should make certain that the American machinery of government suffers no permanent injury during the war. We must recognize that great powers must be delegated; that to fight a total war, we must adopt some of the methods of totalitarianism. But we should make sure that all delegations of power are temporary, and that the totalitarian structures which may be necessary now are built so that they can be demolished quickly after the war."

Governor Stassen feels that Republican Governors can make a vital contribution during the war. He outlined to me four specific objectives for a state government in wartime. They are:

1. A reduction of the number of

state employes so that state expenses can be reduced and so that manpower can be made available to war industry and agriculture.

2. The maintenance of state public services in the best feasible condition, and at worst, to save them from permanent dislocation.

3. An effort to improve the state's fiscal position so that it will be prepared to meet the shock of peacetime readjustments. The Minnesota state government is setting aside funds for state public works to be begun the moment the war is over. The state has halted all public works at present so as to channel manpower into the war effort and to build up a backlog of public works to provide employment during the transition period.

4. Intelligent planning for the problem of the returning soldier. Minnesota, alone among the states, has already set up a fund of five million dollars to be used in helping Minnesota soldiers to find peacetime places. A part of this fund is to go to helping boys resume educations which are being interrupted by the war.

III

I asked Governor Stassen what he thought should be included in the Republican plan for domestic re-

organization after the war. He replied:

"I think our first effort should be directed toward retaining all the good that has come from the New Deal experiments. We should dispel any notions that a Republican administration is going to be reactionary, and that it is going to take the country back to any particular year in our history. The year 1928 is ancient history. We must consolidate the good and move forward.

"Labor legislation is an example. I think the New Deal laws affecting labor have been good, and if I could change the Wagner Act today, I would change only one provision — the one which prohibits the employer from talking to his employes. With all of its new powers, labor must expect to assume more responsibility in the postwar world and the better unions already are preparing to do this. A Republican administration should concern itself with efforts to help the rank-and-file put their unions on a more businesslike and democratic basis. Union leaders should not be allowed to dispose of funds without a ballot vote of the membership. Democracy should begin at home with the unions.

"But I don't believe that the

'labor problem' in postwar America will be difficult of solution. The war, with its totalitarian menaces, has reminded our wage earners that they have as large a stake in our system of private enterprise as has capital."

"What about this term 'private enterprise?' Will it need a new definition?" I asked.

"Not a new definition," the governor said, "but the Republican Party should dispel certain misunderstandings. We should set forth again that the individual urge to strive and to acquire, far from being immoral, is the basic and proper motivation of democracy. Perhaps it can no longer be said that every American cradle holds a potential millionaire, but it should be explained again that the primary concern of this nation is to safeguard the right of every American boy to acquire an estate of his own. Moreover, we should announce that if this nation is to continue to grow and prosper, it will have to encourage the individual to carve his own niche, pay for his own farm, or build his own business."

"Do you foresee a Beveridge plan for America?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "Not in the sense that it is being considered for England. Perhaps England

needs the Beveridge plan, and certainly the extension of social security should be a postwar objective in any Republican blueprint. But we need to remind ourselves that the attainment of a Beveridge plan is no fit *primary* objective of a democratic society. A Beveridge plan may become necessary through failures of the democratic society, but it is no worthy end in itself. I imagine that the American boys returning from our armies will be far more interested in the scope of individual opportunity we can provide them than they will in whether we have attained state medicine or state burial.

"Government works and government development of national resources should be continued in the postwar world. Our security floor should be buttressed and extended. But these two lesser responsibilities of free government must not be emphasized to the point where they obscure the primary objective, of encouraging free enterprise and individual initiative."

Because the charge was made in the last election that Wendell Willkie, whom Governor Stassen supported, was "no different from Roosevelt," I asked the Governor this pointed question:

"What do you consider to be

the main difference between your ideas and Roosevelt's?"

He hesitated and considered the question carefully.

"I think the difference is a matter of emphasis. Individual opportunity and social security are the two great considerations of a people's government. The New Deal has sought security above all else. I think that a new balance must be worked out between security and opportunity. Opportunity and the individual drive to acquire are the motive power of a democracy. Security is the safety device. I think that a Republican administration should seek to maintain the safety devices, but should make certain that the motive power is encouraged. A Republican tax program, for instance, should call for a readjustment of any tax which is repressive to business. The idea that taxation is a proper weapon to be used against business is a harmful fallacy. American business shall need to thrive and expand in the postwar world in order to provide employment for our people and to provide tax monies for paying our debts and financing the reconstruction program. Taxes must be contrived to encourage business to expand rather than to threaten its very existence."

IV

I questioned Governor Stassen at length about his ideas as to the international aspects of the postwar world. What kind of organization should this country advocate, and particularly, what sort of plan should the Republican Party present? There is nothing dogmatic about his answers. He believes it his duty as a Republican leader to initiate ideas in speeches and in correspondence. He invites argument and suggestion and his mail is filled with both. He reiterates that his proposals are tentative and are made so that by 1944, when the Republican Party faces the electorate, the party can have a specific blueprint to offer.

The tentative "Stassen Plan" for world reorganization embraces the following considerations:

The creation of the United Nations of the World, with China, Russia, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States and all the smaller United Nations as charter members. Each nation would retain its own national identity, and would make only such concessions to the international organization as seem to be indicated by present and future developments.

The key governmental device to

handle international functions, as he sees it, would be a single-house parliament. Representation and voting power would be based upon a formula which would consider the numbers of the literate population of the respective nations, as well as their resources and contribution to the joint government. The United Nations Parliament would then select a chairman of the United Nations Council and the chairman would select seven members for his Council and submit them to Parliament for approval. The Council would thereupon become the executive side of the United Nations Government, and the parliament, of course, the legislative branch. The United Nations Government could then function in seven major categories, each under one of the United Nations Councilmen:

1. To establish temporary governments over the Axis nations, preferably using citizens of the United Nations whose ancestry goes back to the particular Axis nation. Under these temporary governments, the Axis nations would be entirely disarmed, their criminal leaders punished. But there would be no wholesale reprisals against civilian populations.

2. To administer the great in-

ternational airports and airways of the future. Air transport of the future will have to be regulated by an international agency just as American railroads must be regulated by national rather than by many state agencies. There will be thousands of finely-trained pilots who will know the airports of the world as they know their own backyards. The United Nations Government will establish rights of flight, enforce rules of the air, co-ordinate weather data, control radio beams and communications, and maintain safe international airports throughout the world.

3. To administer the gateways of the seven seas. In the postwar world, there must be complete freedom of the seas. The development in the air will not lessen the importance of shipping, and the control of the gateways to the seas—the Panama and Suez Canals and Gibraltar—should be an international function. This step will require concessions from the United States, the British Commonwealth, perhaps China, and perhaps Turkey, which controls the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Objection to this move will be slight, since the great development in the air will reduce the military significance of the ocean gateways.

4. To increase trade between the peoples of the world. Only in this way can the general standards of living throughout the world be gradually improved. Only in this way can countries with high standards of living maintain high standards without war. This does not contemplate a sudden change to universal free trade, but it does contemplate embarking upon a definite trend toward increased world trade. It will involve assurances by our government to agriculture that the total percentage of agricultural export and import will be maintained at an equal level. Important factors in the world balance of trade will be increased tourist trade and increased capital investments in undeveloped countries.

5. To increase the literacy of the people of the world. This should be approached, not as any Utopian idea, but with the realization that the ability to read and write is the key to much of the progress of man.

6. To establish a world code of justice and a United Nations Court to administer that code. The code of justice should include provisions protecting minorities, preventing religious persecution and abolishing slavery. Members of the Court should be named by

the highest courts of the member nations.

7. To establish a United Nations Legion, consisting of units of air strength, efficient modern naval forces and highly-mechanized land divisions. The United Nations Legion would enforce the code of justice, support the administration of international areas, and insure the continued disarmament of probationary areas. The basis for this International Legion is being formed as the war is fought. The various foreign units within the British Army can furnish many volunteers for the Legion when the war is over. There will be no necessity for the troops of any one nation to take over the job of "policing the world."

The seat of the United Nations Government should be some point like Panama, which would be readily accessible by sea and air to all continents, worldwide in its very atmosphere, and yet easily defended from attack.

As Governor Stassen talked of his "international plan," seven big B-24 bombers maneuvered over St. Paul and we could see them from my window. When he had finished, he turned to me and said: "How can any American watch our development in the air

without realizing that we must come to some sort of international organization? We don't have to give away America or sacrifice any of our standards of living. We only have to recognize what is happening around us.

"The midwest was once called isolationist. Minnesota was in another world from Europe and Asia. But now those big bombers fly over us every day. We are a way-station for planes flying both to Europe and Asia. In this hotel, there are probably a score of boys who, until two years ago, had never been outside of Minnesota or Kansas or Georgia. But now they hop off for Alaska, or Australia, or India, or England as nonchalantly as though they were going to the corner drugstore. And after the war, they'll continue hopping off in planes that will carry American-made goods to the people who will want them. Perhaps isolationism died not because it was bad in its day, but because it became impractical."

These are the current, tentative thoughts of a man who believes

that leaders should tell the people what they are thinking, what they plan to do, and how they plan to do it.

Stassen is Republican-born, Republican-trained, and has remained a "good party man." He believes that Republicans should start working out their plans so that they can have a blueprint to offer in next year's elections. And he believes that the Republican Party can best supervise the rebuilding of this country and the world.

There are many cross-currents of opinion both inside the Republican Party and outside. There is no certainty that the party will be called upon to make the peace and to superintend the domestic reconstruction. There probably are sound objections to some of Governor Stassen's ideas. But there can be little argument with his method and no question of his sincerity. His proposed plans stand as an invitation to thought and debate by all Americans, and particularly, *as a challenge to those within his party who would steer the elephant in other directions.*



► *An insidious campaign to
resurrect Volsteadism.*

PROHIBITION IS RETURNING

BY JACK VAN NORDEN

THE average American thinks that the prohibition issue is dead. That's one of the great tactical advantages enjoyed by the prohibitionists. Popular indifference fits into their new strategy. During World War I, prohibition was written into the Constitution through one of the noisiest crusades in our history. During World War II, drums and cymbals are ruled out. If the bone-dry generals succeed in their present campaign, prohibition will be put over on the nation, quietly, piecemeal, county by county and state by state. The job is being done by substantially the same groups, but the methods have been changed in line with a quarter of a century of experience. Prohibition is definitely on the comeback trail.

When repeal came, the leading wet organizations went out of business. But the leading dry organizations tightened their ranks and carried on. The forces that gave us the Eighteenth Amendment — and the gaudy, violent, incredible Volstead era that followed — are very much

alive, well financed, and going places. Though still convinced that repeal was a "tragic mistake," most of them know that a rigid national law cannot again be forced down our collective throat. Instead, prohibition is being spoon-fed to us and the doses will be enlarged. This time it will not descend on us as a federal "Thou shalt not drink" edict. It will creep up on us stealthily, without warning. It is on its way — from the grass roots via Main Street, and not via Pennsylvania Avenue; from the small village, not from New York and Chicago; from the county seat and the state house, rather than Congress. In modern war terms, we are faced with prohibition by infiltration.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Anti-Saloon League of America, the Methodist Board of Temperance and the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation (rechristened American Business Men's Research Foundation) and many other familiar organizations are engaged in a systematic drive to outlaw all alco-

holic beverages. They have large offices, staffs and apparently adequate resources. Contrary to unsupported claims by the wets, the main financial support has never come from big donors. Now, as in the past, the bulk of "dry money" comes from small people in small donations all over the country. That, in fact, is part of the strength of the prohibition movement.

And the effort is bringing results, without fanfare but with far more chance of permanence. Fred D. L. Squires of the American Business Men's Research Foundation (who also acts personally as research counsel of the National WCTU) was not overstating the matter when he reported, in the December 26 issue of *The Union Signal*, official organ of the WCTU:

Many concrete dry victories have been scored during 1942.

Kentucky succeeded in securing the enactment by the legislature of a statute providing for up-to-date scientific education on the alcohol problem in the public-school curriculum of that state.

Notable local option victories in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky, Arkansas, Illinois and several New England states were added to the lengthening roll of dry successes since repeal.

Arkansas won a smashing victory against the brewers in enacting, by a decisive referendum majority, a thoroughly up-to-date option law applying to the whole state.

In Alabama a popular uprising for the return of statewide prohibitions seems in sight of its goal.

Further, the Baltimore *Sun* reported on January 3, 1943, these statistical facts:

In the year just closing, local option elections were held in 1,472 geographical units — villages, towns, townships and counties. In 1,274 of these units, the elections did not change the situation. The wets held on to 661 units and the dries kept their grip on 613. But there were change-overs in 198 units and the dries got much the best of it . . . a net gain of 116 units for the dries.

Dry gains in the 1942 elections were more pronounced than in any year since repeal, although the trend through the whole nine years has been in the dries' favor. In those years, there have been about 12,000 local option elections, and the dries have won 7,700 of them.

There is no single prohibition fighting front. The dries do not want it and do not need it. They have chosen to conduct the battle on many fronts and by many methods of attack. These range from a struggle for local option in some small county to attacks on the rubber tires of beer trucks as non-essential to the war effort; from demands for protection of our uniformed men against liquor to agitation for stoppage of the entire liquor industry as a waste of materials needed for war production. It

is a sniping "guerilla" sort of warfare in which the drys are expert.

The dull pre-war slogan, "Alcohol and gasoline do not mix," has been streamlined into "War and alcohol do not mix." The opening wedge is again the passage of laws to "protect our young men in the military forces from liquor and vice." The late Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, known as the "father of prohibition," sounded the clarion call in Senate Bill 860, in the last session. It sought to prohibit anyone from possessing, selling or otherwise dispensing "any alcoholic liquors, including beer, ale, or wine at or within any military camp, station, fort, post, yard, base, cantonment, training, or mobilization place."

This was the legal springboard from which the drys plunged into the new campaign. While the bill died with the last Congress, it will be re-introduced in the present Congress, possibly even in stronger form, and the support lined up for it is certain to be far stronger this year. The WCTU is leading the fight for this type of law. The wider scope in view becomes evident when one studies the endorsements of the Sheppard Bill. Take this passage from a brochure put out by the American Business Men's Research Foundation:

The leading church and allied organizations participating in the National Temperance and Prohibition Council at this annual meeting at Washington, D. C., chose a Committee of Seven, headed by Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, President of the National WCTU, to push the passage of the bill introduced by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, (S-860) and its counterpart in the House of Representatives (HR-4,000), the enactment of which would simply restore the first World's War defense ban adopted in the 1917 War Act.

The kick is in the words "simply restore." The 1917 War Act specifically *prohibited* the sale of intoxicating liquor to any men in uniform *anywhere* in this country. If we simply restore this law, would it also be the biggest step toward simply restoring prohibition?

Mrs. Smith, president of the WCTU, answered this question in part for herself and her organization when she joined twenty-four leading drys to form the "Committee for the Defense of Our Defenders," with headquarters in St. Paul, Minnesota. Among other things, this committee planned a nationwide appeal on Mother's Day to demand passage of laws for the "protection of our armed forces." The committee, however, did not limit itself to men in uniform. Significantly, it included industrial plants among the areas to be subjected to total prohibition. It called for dry zones "around the

industrial establishments in which airplanes, ships, tanks, arms and equipment" are being produced. With American industry largely converted to war work, the territory earmarked for drying up is practically all-inclusive.

II

To understand the looming battle for prohibition, the American public should be made aware of one thing that is generally overlooked. The Twenty-first Amendment, the so-called repeal amendment, actually contains a far-reaching prohibition clause. Section 2 says explicitly:

The transportation or importation into any State, territory, or possession of the United States for delivery or use of intoxicating liquors, in violation of the laws thereof, is hereby prohibited.

In other words, if and when a state goes dry, the Constitution guarantees it against "wet" shipments from other states. This helps to explain why the dries are today concentrating their efforts locally, rather than risk all on a national drive. If they succeed in "blotting up" any state in county-by-county fashion, they will not only have avoided a national showdown but will be automatically protected in that state under the Constitution.

That is the clear intention of their present strategy. From every one of the organizations already mentioned, continuous streams of dry propaganda inundate the whole country. In addition, there are literally hundreds of local and state bodies, clubs, committees, all active in disseminating national propaganda and their own as well. There are thousands of regular and special dry meetings, conferences, lunches, church-meetings, rallies and home meetings. Lists of speakers include college presidents, professors, scientists, lawyers, doctors, preachers, professional dries, fanatics and crackpots. Many of their speeches are reprinted and millions of copies are distributed throughout the country.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union was one of the most effective pressure groups in the fight for prohibition during the last war. In the decades before prohibition, this organization was the acknowledged leader in temperance education, and in that rôle unquestionably accomplished a great deal of good. Whether temperance can best be served by prohibition is the question on which the WCTU is challenged by its opponents. The WCTU has its headquarters at Evanston, Illinois, where its National Publishing House is also located. It maintains offices in New

York City and other important centers, as well as a "legislative" office in Washington. It has a large and substantial following, particularly in smaller communities, and it is co-operating with all other dry organizations.

The Anti-Saloon League was at one time among the most powerful political organizations in the country. It had not merely a finger but both hands deep in the political pie. Directly and indirectly, the League influenced millions of voters; it made and unmade Senators, Representatives, Governors, state legislators, mayors and councilmen. Militantly it attacked the wets and in turn carried the brunt of anti-prohibition attacks. This Anti-Saloon League is not dead. It was down for a while, but never "out." Today it maintains a modest office in the national capital. Some of its ablest organizers are quietly making new contacts and reviving old ones.

The secret of the amazing success of the Anti-Saloon League was its unique ability in organizing the Protestant church element and making the most effective use of this great force. For many years, the Protestant churches have looked upon the liquor problem as a *moral issue*. The first World War brought this issue to a head in the demand for national prohibition. Church

support was thus ready and the achievement of the Anti-Saloon League was in its shrewd mobilization and use of this force through political channels. Whether the Protestant churches as a whole can or will again be maneuvered into a general fight for prohibition — with the consequences of Volsteadism still fresh in memory — remains to be seen. Undoubtedly, much of the church leadership as well as its following still consider liquor a moral issue.

The Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church was the leading Protestant organization behind the last fight for prohibition. It is that today. From its headquarters in Methodist Building, Washington, D. C., there comes a steady flow of literature and field workers. The Methodist Board, too, follows the new pattern of quiet infiltration through smaller communities, without benefit of national publicity. The other denominations likewise avoid the prohibition limelight. The Federal Council of Churches steps softly on this issue. It avoids committing the churches as a whole on a national prohibition issue. The Sunday School teacher, the local minister, the neighborhood church board and its church following will settle this question locally first.

III

When the Sheppard Bill was before Congress, a group of leading church and dry organizations, acting as the National Temperance and Prohibition Council, met in conference at Washington. This is from a report of the gathering by the American Business Men's Research Foundation urging support of the law:

The immediate active aid of every Church and of every Sunday School is needed.

As parents, as business men and women, and as patriotic citizens, let us act vigorously.

Everyone who reads these lines should do his part.

Write your United States Senators and your Representatives in Congress, push Church and Community petitions to this end, and swell the rising tide of public demand that the liquor trade be at once divorced from the defense plans.

What is this crusading Foundation? During the last war, under prohibition, it was operating under the name of American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation, under the active management of Charles R. Jones and Fred D. L. Squires. After repeal, the word "prohibition" was merely changed to "research." Jones and Squires, professional drys, are still its active managers. Neither their purposes

nor their activities have changed substantially. From headquarters in Chicago, they release a great volume of pamphlets, leaflets, circulars, statistics, charts, cartoons, press copy. It is an efficient and well-oiled propaganda agency.

The Foundation is in close touch and continuous co-operation with leading dry organizations and serves as a research and information center for numerous local and state dry groups. An example of this type of co-operation—and incidentally an indication of the scope of the new local tactics for putting over prohibition—is provided by a letter from W. Earl Hotalen, executive secretary of the Alabama Temperance Alliance, Inc., Birmingham, to Charles R. Jones, executive vice-president of the Foundation, transmitting a cash contribution. It acknowledges the "Foundation's research activity, press release service, and factual publications" as "an incalculable asset to our organized temperance promotion in Alabama," and adds:

We are still pushing forward in Alabama, in the hope of becoming the first State in the Union to win back to statewide prohibition. Even the political portents now seem encouraging. If this hope materializes in 1943, as planned, we shall hope to do some laboratory work in this state in making prohibition "a successfully functioning social policy," by strategies and methods,

both old and new, and perhaps furnish you with some interesting data from this workshop.

The Alabama Temperance Alliance stated on its letterhead that it is a "Member of American Business Men's Research Foundation, National Safety Council, Research Foundation on Problems of Alcohol, Scientific Temperance Federation, and the American Social Hygiene Association"; and that it maintains "Cooperation with National WCTU, Alabama WCTU, Anti-Saloon League of America, Allied Youth, Inc., Alabama Congress of Parents and Teachers, Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, Alabama Education Association, National Youth Administration, YMCA and YWCA, United Service Organizations, Boy Scouts of America, Daily Vacation Bible Schools, Women's Missionary Societies, Public Schools of Alabama, and All Church Denominations in Alabama."

The cumulative impact of all this intense dry propaganda on public opinion is enormous, particularly because the welfare of our armed forces is concerned. Unsubstantiated rumors of excessive drinking in the Army reached a point where the Office of War Information was obliged to institute a thorough investigation. Its findings

were made public in *A Survey of Drinking Habits in and around Army Camps*. The OWI points out that the inquiry was undertaken because "wartime is the honeymoon of rumor" and draws "three general and explicit conclusions":

- (1) There is not excessive drinking among troops, and drinking does not constitute a serious problem.
- (2) The sale of 3.2 beer in the post exchanges in training camps is a positive factor in Army sobriety.
- (3) No American Army in all history has been so orderly.

As to the demand that we "protect our boys in uniform" by again imposing prohibition on our armed forces, the OWI survey offers some pertinent remarks:

There is drinking in the Army; there will continue to be drinking in the Army. The approach of the military authorities to the problem is not prohibition but control. It is legal for a civilian to take a drink in this country; it would be discriminatory to deny the same right to the soldier, who has already relinquished many privileges the civilian considers his rights.

* * *

In dry states and in states where there is local option, the military faces the problem of bootleg liquor. Bootleggers cannot be regulated; legal dispensers can be regulated. The Army, with an eye to its own disciplinary problem, usually prefers wet communities to dry communities.

* * *

In the last war, camps were bone-dry. As a result, bootleggers did a thriving

business. Conditions in a certain dry Texas town offer a current example of the unhappy results of complete prohibition. On one side of town is a military reservation where beer is sold on post. On the other side of town is a reservation where the commanding officer has dried up the post completely. His is the post which has a policing problem and lower morals. His men, when on pass, travel sixty miles to the nearest wet city and drink package liquor out of a bottle.

As was to be expected, the dry organizations are indignant over this report. The WCTU has already attacked it as misleading and unjustified. Once again the wet *versus*

dry battle is on, and once again, in the fury of the struggle, the question of temperance is being forgotten. Prohibition is *not* temperance. It is extreme, intemperate, self-defeating. This time, unfortunately, the fight is being kept out of the national limelight. But that's where it belongs, and it is in the hope of putting it there that this article was written. If the American people want prohibition, they should accept it openly, intelligently; they should not be shoved into it while they're not looking.

THE LAMP SHOULD BE LIT

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

His father had the lamp in his wide hands,
He came into the boy's room holding it.
"Here, Son, you take the lamp. It's getting dark
And time this lamp of ours should be lit."
Then he went out. His footfalls went away.
It was odd his father should not know
The lamp he brought was lighted, odd how far
His footfalls in so small a house could go.

Then the panes were golden with the sun,
Birds sang up and down the edges of the world,
He sat up quick in bed, he looked in the glass
And saw how gray his hair was where it curled.
There was no lamp, none forty years ago
That day he woke, that other golden day,
And heard his mother's voice say quietly
His father in the night had gone away.

► *Portrait of Hitler's foremost
anti-Semite and anti-Catholic.*

STREICHER: NAZI DEGENERATE

BY CURT RIESS

THE degeneracy of the Hitler movement — its blood lusts, sex perversions, paranoia and phobias — are summed up in one distorted personality: Julius Streicher, editor of the leading German organ of anti-Semitism and pornography, *Der Stürmer*. In the clinical examination that will some day be made of the Nazi episode in history, Streicher will assuredly figure as the prize exhibit. Gross and repulsive in appearance, notoriously a sadist, blackmailer and embezzler, he is detested even by the majority of the Nazis. Yet he is protected by Hitler and has had an enormous influence on the most revolting aspects of Nazi behavior, especially in the persecution of Jews and Catholics.

If Goebbels is Hitler's voice, Streicher is his soul. This provincial schoolteacher, lacking any trace of literary or political or oratorical talents, has made himself secure and indispensable. The brutal imprint of his character is all over Nazi history and hordes of innocents have paid in life and suffering

for his dementias. Such a thing could happen only in the nightmare world that is Germany under Nazi rule.

Streicher was born and raised in Fleinhausen, a Franconian village where his father was the teacher. In such villages, anti-Semitism was a phenomenon of long standing. The horse traders and grain dealers were Jewish and unpopular, because everyone owed them money. This environment predisposed young Streicher to hatred of Jews but a personal experience made it his ruling passion.

To become something more than a village teacher, he moved to Nuremberg. There he used up his family's scant savings and fell in love with Eva Lebrecht. She did not respond and married the son of a wealthy Jewish glass manufacturer from nearby Fuerth. The jilting was catastrophic both in its immediate and long-term results. Streicher went on a binge and flunked his exams. He was obliged to study for another year at the

expense of hard-pressed parents. And on the rebound, he married a thin, homely waitress from one of his favorite hangouts. There is evidence that he never quite got over caring for Eva. As late as 1936, at the height of his power, he remarked to friends that she had really loved him and "only married that Jew for his father's money."

To everyone's amazement, Mrs. Streicher grew stouter with every day of married life. But with increase of fat, she lost all power to assert herself, until she practically faded out of her husband's life. It seems clear that his youthful frustration and unsatisfactory marriage led to his growing indulgence in sex aberrations which were to become as much a part of his unbalance as his hysterical anti-Semitism.

During World War I, when he was stationed in northern France, his comrades became aware of his insatiable lusts and of his preference for minors, even girls under fourteen. He was the occasion for many scandals that were hushed up because of the war. Later, when political opponents tried to bring his infamous wartime crimes into the open, they were prevented by the reluctance of the victims to testify against him.

Immediately after the war and his return to public school teaching

in Nuremberg, ugly stories of immoral conduct began to cluster around his name. There was definite proof that he had seduced a twelve-year-old girl pupil. But by that time, he had shown interest in the more extreme political trends and reactionary officials saw to it that he evaded punishment for his excesses. His affairs with married women, however, could not always be hushed. In three cases of which I have personal knowledge, furious husbands beat him up in public.

It was about this time, in late 1919, that I first met him, at a Nuremberg political rally at which he had spoken. He was not quite forty but looked older. He was completely bald, with deep-set eyes and oversized nose. His head seemed too large for his thick-set body, and sat directly on his shoulders with only rolls of fat where the neck should have been. Like Hitler, he talked with his hands. Indeed, he looked rather like the caricature of a Jewish banker in anti-Semitic literature as he ranted against Jewish bankers.

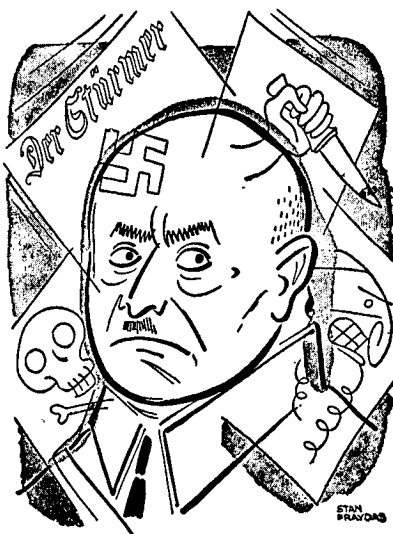
He was not a good speaker by any standard. He shouted himself hoarse and danced nervously about the platform. He never finished sentences; his diction and grammar were so atrocious that I recall wondering how he could teach school.

He created an impression of hysteria on the sheer edge of insanity. That impression was heightened, of course, by what he said. He railed against Jews — for causing the war, prolonging the war, ending the war too soon; they alone were to blame for everything. . . .

From then on, Streicher became a more familiar figure in the local political chaos of postwar Germany. He spoke to backroom gatherings in beer halls, in an atmosphere almost opaque with tobacco smoke. He sweated, he panted, he wrung his hands imploringly as he revealed “horrible crimes of the Jews” and demanded their blood. No one took him seriously, least of all those who listened to him.

I remember those meetings. There was no formality about them. The speakers had a time of it making themselves heard above the chatter of the audience. It all seemed provincial, unimportant, and Streicher himself just another lunatic at large. But to the discerning, he was something more: a paranoiac with a strong persecution complex and a terrific urge for power to vent his hatreds.

Streicher first tasted that power through the printed word. Early in 1921, he joined the staff of a local Nuremberg gossip sheet, *Der Stürmer*. Soon he was adding to his



Julius Streicher

school income with payments for articles and news items which *never appeared in print*. This was the beginning of the world's most successful career in blackmailing.

II

Streicher was not content with gossip and scandal mongering. He wanted a mouthpiece for his clamoring hates. He connived until he had the other editors expelled and changed the *Stürmer* from a neutral source of misinformation into a dispenser of hate for the Jews. In the next ten years, most of Streicher's time was devoted to editing this

magazine, ownership of which he soon acquired. He did not change its blackmail methods. He merely changed the victims of the blackmail. His *Stürmer* became a local power. Jews not only in Nuremberg but in all Franconia had to pay through the nose to keep slanders about their personal affairs out of this gutter sheet. Those who could not or would not pay had their alleged private lives spread in "sensational revelations" and repulsive art layouts.

One of the important departments in the magazine was called *Am Pranger* (To the Pillory). Here, for the first time, Streicher combined his urge to persecute Jews with his deeper urge to revel in the details of sexual exposés. The column was filled with lewd and lurid descriptions of affairs between Jews and "Aryans." Names and addresses were given and incitements to lynching were in every paragraph.

It may seem incredible that through much of this period Streicher held his job as public schoolteacher. He might never have lost it if he hadn't taken part in Hitler's abortive beer-cellar *putsch* in Munich in 1923 and been sentenced to a few months in prison for his share in that affair. His paranoiac anti-Jewish slanders, his assaults on little

girls, his alcoholic debauches had all been hushed by local authorities who shared some of his phobias. On several occasions, he wriggled out of responsibility for crimes by offering formal proof of lunacy in extenuation! But the Munich *putsch* was a national affair and received too much publicity to be ignored. He was put out of the school system.

The end of his teaching enabled him to throw off the last vestiges of middle-class restraint and moral respectability. From that time, his editorial offices and his home became gathering places for perverts, and were the scenes of fantastic exhibitions of sexual depravity. Streicher liked to work at his desk in the nude and forced female employes to accept it as "natural." He made frequent trips to Munich, where he joined Hitler and other Nazi leaders as the most ardent spokesman of the anti-Semitic phase of their movement. His magazine grew more reckless in its pornography and Jew-baiting.

In 1929, Frau Streicher tried to commit suicide. Perhaps it was only a gesture. Perhaps it was also a gesture that after her frustrated attempt she tried to move away from her husband's home. Prominent members of the National Socialist Party, which was just

coming into the limelight and feared scandals, intervened. We may be sure they didn't intervene for Streicher's sake. He was cordially disliked.

Again and again, prominent Nazis demanded his expulsion from the Party. Such demands were openly voiced in the Nazi press. In 1930, the Bavarian Diet, of which he was a member, suspended his legislative immunity so that the authorities could prosecute him for a revolting sex crime. This could only have been done with the concurrence of a certain number of Nazi members of the Diet. They had concurred with pleasure. Streicher's political importance both in and out of the Party was almost zero. Yet Hitler rushed to Munich and insisted that the Nazi members change their votes to save Streicher from public disgrace.

Then, and ever since, it has been one of the mysteries of Nazi history why Hitler not only failed to rid himself of this obnoxious lieutenant, but protected him against the consequences of his pathological crimes. Delving below the surface, we find the true explanation and it is far from the ones publicly offered from time to time.

After several failures to create new political parties, Streicher joined Hitler, in 1922, mainly to

try to undermine him. It was Streicher's plan to transfer the Nazi Party to Berlin, expel Hitler, and set himself up as Führer. This conspiracy was very nearly successful. Hitler, however, got wind of it at the last moment and took steps to crush it. He threw all the minor conspirators out of the Party, but unaccountably allowed the chief culprit to remain in good standing. On his part, Streicher very prudently stayed in Nuremberg, out of Hitler's reach.

They met again on November 9, 1923. Streicher took no part in the preparation of the beer-cellar *putsch*. But when the march to the Feldherrnhalle began, there was Streicher marching beside Hitler and Ludendorff. It is the Nazi legend that when the shooting began, Streicher pushed Hitler to the ground, saving him from possible death or at least injury. The legend further declares that Hitler has never forgotten that he owes his life to Streicher. And this is supposed to be the reason for the Leader's tolerance through the years.

Unfortunately for the legend, Hitler has not been noted for a good memory for friendly deeds. Roehm and Strasser come to mind. There is a better and more compelling reason why Hitler has tolerated and protected Streicher. It

has to do with Hitler's sex life and leads to the conclusion that the unscrupulous Streicher is the black-mailer of the man who began a peaceful conquest of much of Europe by methods closely akin to blackmail.

III

After the Nazis came to power in 1933, Streicher began to put into practice the anti-Jewish horrors he had long preached. It was he who devised the fiendish practice of forcing "Aryan" girls who had fallen in love with "non-Aryans" to parade their "shame," together with their lovers, through the streets and night clubs. In at least one case, Streicher caused the girl's head to be shaved.

That was only the beginning. In the next few years, Streicher's lecherous and insane instincts had full play at the expense of the Jews of Franconia, of which he was now *Reichskommissar*. It was in his domain that the torture, robbery and murder of Jews — by this time spread to all of Germany and Nazi-controlled Europe — were first practiced. Nearly ten years of it, however, has not sated Streicher's lusts. Though his fight seems won — only a handful of old, crippled and starving Jews remain in Ger-

many — he continues it with unrelenting fury. The banner line across the *Stürmer's* front page still reads: "The Jews Are Our Misfortune." Were any proof needed that his purpose was not to achieve a political goal — it has been achieved — but to indulge his mania, this would be the proof.

Even before Germany was formally at war with the United States, fulminations against America, as a nation "controlled by Jews," had become standard fare in the *Stürmer*. The "Jew Roosevelt" has come in for a large share of the abuse. The ravings of American anti-Semites find space in Streicher's columns, although he attacks even them for not going far enough in their Jew-baiting.

Another innovation of Streicher's recent years is the attack on Catholics. He has been giving an increased amount of space to detailed descriptions of supposed sex orgies indulged in by monks, nuns and priests of the Catholic Church. Every issue of his paper contains advertisements of books promising the "inside story" of supposed corruption in convents, under such titles as *Priests and Women — Misuse of Religious Power*. Whether the targets are Jews or Catholics, the *Stürmer* remains consistently erotic, a device for purveying pornogra-

phy in words and pictures. While Hitler has never interfered with the circulation of the periodical, he has prevented its export abroad. Apparently the Nazis are not too proud of this phase of their works.

In May 1937, an attempt was made to kill Streicher; at least, Helmut Hirsch, a twenty-year-old Jewish boy who was an American citizen, was accused of such an attempt, convicted, and in spite of all the efforts of the American Ambassador in his behalf, was beheaded at dawn. Several official attempts to rid the Nazi régime of its most degenerate ornament seem to have been made. All failed. In September 1939, he was arrested by the Gestapo on Goering's orders, charged with plotting against the Air Marshal. It was said that letters found on an adjutant of Hitler's who had shot himself involved Streicher. Rumors were current that he had been committed to an insane asylum. But whatever may have happened, Streicher survived and his *Stürmer* is as unbridled in its foulness as ever.

In two decades of journalistic blackmail, Streicher has built up an efficient organization of men and women who provide him with "dirt" for his paper. In this way, he came into possession of useful and unpretty data concerning the life

of the Führer. This was the weapon that enforced the unflagging support of Hitler before the Nazis took power. Hitler knew that Streicher knew. Why, then, didn't he have Streicher killed after assuming power? One can only surmise that he feared Streicher's death might not suppress the material but, on the contrary, spring its publication.

It is significant, however, that though the arch-blackmailer has not been "liquidated," he is the only one of Hitler's intimates who has not made a great career in the Third Reich. Gauleiter of Franconia and member of the Reichstag are the peaks of his political achievements. Left out of big public jobs, he is, on the other hand, an indispensable part of the Führer's peculiar private life. Among the "arts" for which Hitler has confessed a liking is pornography. He once told

*Abraham Lincoln —
Plutocrat?*

THE emancipation of the Jews and the liberation of the black slaves are the two crimes of civilization committed by the plutocrats in the last few centuries.

— JULIUS STREICHER.

Dr. Hermann Rauschning that he awaited eagerly every new issue of the *Stürmer*. He was also inordinately fond of certain indecent motion pictures. Streicher would procure these films and Hitler would see them, over and over again, in his private projection room.

We have been told again and again that Hitler doesn't eat meat, doesn't drink or smoke, has no interest in women, and seems to have no sex life at all. To his admirers, that has always meant that he is "saintly." Specialists in abnormal psychology have other interpretations. They have long been convinced that he is either a masochist or a sadist. Hitler loves cruelty for cruelty's sake. That is why all the women ever reported to have been close to him have had to run for their lives, commit suicide, or attempt suicide.

The writer has reason to believe that the particular kind of torture of women which stirs Hitler demands the "collaboration" of at least one other person. Rudolf Hess played that rôle, and so did Streicher. Whether Streicher "collaborates" to strengthen his grip on the Leader, or because it fits into his own bizarre sexual life, is of little moment. The fact remains that Streicher is indispensable to Hitler, particularly since the flight of Hess.

There would be no excuse for alluding to these horrifying matters in the *MERCURY* if it were not for the larger and inescapable implications. Hitler's sadism and Streicher's paranoiac eroticism have a bearing on the whole Nazi episode in world history. How could the Nazi leaders break down the normal inhibitions of the great mass of rational Germans, to the point where they not only tolerate hysteria and sadistic excesses, but accept them as natural, even admirable? The Germans, with all their faults, used to have normal human reactions. They have been systematically debauched.

The Nazis have fostered a muddy mysticism, blind obedience to a Leader, a desire to die for him. Rosenberg evolved the "philosophy." Goebbels manufactured the symbols. Streicher appealed to the lowest instincts and released Germans from the inhibitions of civilized life. It has not been solely *his* work, of course. But his rôle cannot be underestimated. The editor of the blackmailing, lascivious *Stürmer*, the paranoiac inciter of pogroms, the exhibitionist erotic who lived openly without inhibitions *and got away with it* has undoubtedly been a source of moral infection for the entire German people.

► *Sabotage clues and other
vital data are dug up by*

UNCLE SAM'S ECONOMIC SLEUTHS

BY MILLARD C. FAUGHT

IT is good military strategy to get there "fustest with the mostest" men. Conversely, it helps if the enemy gets there "lastest with the leastest" materials. The latter objective is part of the grand strategy of economic warfare. The high command of this type of war, for our side, is the Board of Economic Warfare. The Board is made up of Vice President Henry A. Wallace as chairman, plus the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Agriculture, and Commerce, and Attorney General Biddle, together with Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs Nelson Rockefeller, Lend-Lease Administrator Stettinius, and Donald Nelson of the WPB.

Chief practicing economic warrior is the militant Texan, Milo Perkins, who has a staff of three thousand, not including a lot of allies in the Departments of State and Commerce, the Tariff Commission, WPB and elsewhere.

Actually, economic warfare is such a battle-of-wits-with-no-holds-barred that almost anyone can help. "When you pool the col-

lective information of 132,000,000 intelligent, alert people you'd be surprised how much we know about our enemies," observed one BEW sleuth. So if you happen to have a picture of Aunt Susan standing on what is now a strategic bridge in Tokyo, with the waterfront in the background, perhaps you can help BEW do some research.

As a case in point, a United States exporting company recently reported to BEW that it had noted a sudden and peculiar increase in the shipment by parcel post of a certain type of needle to South America. Although each order was small, it was marked *Rush!*

This tidbit of information dovetailed neatly with a hunch that BEW already had. Some quick comparing of notes with the British Ministry of Economic Warfare and with our own intelligence services cracked the case. On one of its Rhineland raids, the RAF had dropped a block buster on the only factory in Nazi Europe making this special kind of needle. As a result, Hitler was trying, in a desperate

hurry, to get American needles to sew up his ersatz tents, parachutes, and figuratively his pants. Such needles are now on our list of materials requiring export licenses.

Strict control of exports is one of Uncle Sam's best economic weapons. Without an individual export license granted by BEW, no strategic materials or articles can be exported from the United States except by the Government. BEW reviews between six thousand and eight thousand applications daily, acting on every one within a few hours. This process is called "screening" and the fine mesh of scrutiny turns up all manner of specimens, good and bad. One day's sifting produced an order from His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, for one cloth-bound book. Cost, \$1.35. That shipment was licensed, but a king was turned down on his request for some bathtubs.

The "innocent" and "trivial" applications receive the same attention as do the biggest. A request to export three gallons of "mossy-foot solution" and a dozen machetes to Manaos, Brazil, may mean that until these supplies arrive for use by native *seringueiros*, who can spot densely hidden rubber trees by instinct, an elaborately-equipped expedition is being held up.

More intriguing are the innocuous looking requests that ultimately put Uncle Hawkshaw on the trail of Axis agents trying to obtain our own goods to use against us. More than eleven thousand foreign individuals and firms are on the U. S. "blacklist" and many are their ruses to obtain goods. There was the South American "barber" who was importing steel plate, and his neighbor, a dentist, whose practice apparently called for the use of several cases of high-speed ammunition.

II

Among the total catch turned in by BEW's export license screening, these are small fry compared to the Kidd Brothers of the Low Islands off Central America. The brothers are reputed to be the descendants of British pirates who originally settled the western islands and coasts along the Gulf of Mexico. And according to authentic sources in their community, the contemporary Kidds are "smugglers by heredity, training, and taste." Collectively, the family is a thorn in the side of the United Nations' economic warfare program in the Caribbean. One brother has a monopoly on the mahogany industry in a Central American country; an-

other brother dominates the boat building industry; the economy of the entire area seems to operate on Kidd oil — as do Axis submarines off the coast, if British and American suspicions are correct. The brothers, as well as several Kidd cousins, have been in and out of jail several times since the war began, but after each arrest, the current “evidence” seems to disintegrate and vanish into the Low Islands.

By every test, the Kidds and their enterprises would be on a blacklist. But Kidd mahogany and Kidd shipyards are necessary to economic undertakings in the Western Caribbean. The result is a cat-and-mouse type of working compromise whereby vital supplies are sometimes allowed to proceed to the Kidds but at the same time as accurate tabs as possible are kept on every boat built and every cargo carried by them.

Economic warfare is a dealer's choice, a table stakes sort of game in which the ends often justify bizarre means. A few months after Pearl Harbor, an application came in from a foreign firm of doubtful character asking licenses to export a strange assortment of seamen's stores and ship parts to a neutral but strategic island in the Pacific. BEW stalled on the license while a

check was made of activity on the island. The investigation revealed that two large fishing trawlers were operating from the place. More interesting still, both trawlers had two crews each — one nondescript crew for appearances in port and a Japanese crew for sea duty, while the boats were “fishing.” Moreover, the trawlers could have been converted into torpedo boats if they had received the goods ordered from the United States.

To prove that it can appreciate a good trick when it sees one, and still go the trickster one better, BEW first arranged to have the Jap crews sent home, then it released the goods. The illicit merchant, knowing that the fat was in the fire, had to go through with the deal. Final score — two well-equipped boats now operate from the island, bringing regular cargoes of valuable war commodities to the United States.

BEW also takes time to deal with rogues whose practices may hurt our trade relations. Several times a month, a letter will come in from some foreign firm of good standing, stating that it has received notice of an export license having been granted in their favor, but that it hasn't applied for such a license. This is usually all the tip-off BEW needs to put the finger on some

American fly-by-nighter who has rigged up a phony order using the foreign company's good name to obtain scarce goods for sale at exorbitant prices here at home.

Another favorite ruse is to get actual orders from foreign firms, obtain an export license at the price ceiling, then substitute a phony bill of lading charging the unwary foreign buyer twice the United States price ceiling for the goods. The State Department has a keen interest in seeing such chisellers caught because their scurrilous traffic is damaging our commercial reputation, so zealously guarded under the Good Neighbor policy.

III

BEW gets in some of its best Hawkshaw work tracking down "lost" materials within the United States. To date, it has found and made available for our own war use more than \$32,000,000 worth of materials much of which was owned by enemy nationals or by neutrals unable to export the goods. Tips from patriotic warehousemen and commercial firms, plus examination of storage receipts and other documents, have enabled BEW to locate such valuable items as ten million pounds of raw rubber, 915 tons of toluol, 126 military aircraft, three

million burlap bags, and even 8300 pounds of coffee.

One of the important hauls of foreign-owned goods was a large group of fighter and bomber planes intended for shipment to Thailand. These were requisitioned before that country was occupied by the Japanese.

Besides these various methods of keeping the Axis from getting war goods from us, yet at the same time allowing our friends to obtain their requirements, BEW plays the dog-in-the-manger game of preventing the enemy from getting useful war materials from anyone else. The trick is to get such goods first whether we need them or not. Usually we do.

Spain produces hides, wool, tungsten, tin and other strategic materials — all things that Hitler needs badly. But for months, his agents have been pacing the floors in their Madrid hotel rooms, cursing the Yankee horse traders who have been outbidding them. Not with gold, which is worthless for this kind of dealing, but with valuable commodities like oil for Spanish fishing boats, and with food — the number one weapon of modern war. During the past year, BEW has been able to buy \$32,000,000 worth of war goods within Axis-dominated Europe.

Last winter, BEW noted an unusual flurry of activity in the international fur business — about the time so many frost-bitten Nazis were becoming permanent inhabitants of Russia. First we embargoed the export of furs from the United States and then Uncle Sam turned fur trader all over the world and bought up all the rabbit skins and other pelts destined for “neutral” European markets.

We are underwriting the exportable surplus of Peru's long-staple cotton crops. It helps Peru's war economy. Before the war, Japan was Peru's best customer for this commodity. Nothing pleases our economic strategists more than to think up a new bottleneck for the ersatz Axis economists to squeeze through.

All told, orders have been issued for more than a billion dollars worth of strategic materials from abroad. Hundreds of tons of these, such as quartz, crystals, mica, tantalite, rubber, platinum and industrial diamonds have been brought back from all over the world in the “flying boxcars” of the air transport services.

By contrast, the Germans must

resort to all sorts of small time smuggling to obtain even needles. They will go to any lengths to get platinum for the ignition systems of their airplane motors.

One night a Baltimore jeweler received a call from New York, asking if he would sell \$2000 worth of platinum. The voice offered to send \$1000 by wire and pay the balance in two days, when the platinum would be called for. The jeweler agreed, but quickly tipped off the FBI. When the agent arrived to pick up his platinum, one G-man was clerking in the jewelry store, two more were in the back room, and another happened to park outside just in time to haul Hitler's agent off to the brig. The man was a “Greek sailor” on a neutral ship who was found to be doing quite an export business in platinum to Germany via his dirty sea bags and bunk mattress.

The Nazis and Japs have built up an impressive reputation as fifth columnists and saboteurs. But when it comes to the fine art of economic warfare, Uncle Hawshaw usually gets there “fustest” and comes back with the “mostest.”



WANTED: A DECLARATION OF INTERDEPENDENCE

BY EMERY REVES
Author of A Democratic Manifesto

WHEN the Atlantic Charter was first proclaimed, the democratic world was thrilled to the marrow. That thrill derived more from the event itself than from the contents of the proclamation. After a series of Brenner Pass conferences by Hitler and Mussolini, each the prelude to further Axis triumphs, the high-seas meeting between Roosevelt and Churchill was novel and dramatic; it held the promise of triumphs for the enemies of the Axis.

But the time has arrived for sober consideration of the text of the Charter. Discussion of the subject, indeed, is growing. Some ask whether the Atlantic Charter applies only to the Western world or to all mankind. Others object that the document is not clear and specific enough. But nearly all the divergent critics assume that the Charter as it stands is basically right and points the way to a better future.

It is precisely that assumption

which needs to be examined. Now that the United Nations have taken the offensive in a number of arenas of battle and the shape of victory is beginning to emerge, such an examination becomes especially urgent. Does the Atlantic Charter — does the world view implicit in that document — offer a new approach to the solution of international problems?

We all know, by this time that our military victory in 1918 was meaningless because we were unable to implement it with a workable peace. Military victory in this war, too, will be meaningless if we do not begin immediately to clarify principles on which a workable world order can be built.

The underlying idea of the Atlantic Charter is expressed in its third paragraph:

They (the President of the United States and the British Prime Minister) respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to

see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

This is the charter of the last war. It is a reiteration of the old doctrine of self-determination upon which we built the world of 1919, only to see it crumble miserably and quickly. The Atlantic Charter again proclaims the unrestricted right of every nation to choose the form of government it desires. It bows abjectly before the fetish of "national sovereignty" with all that it implies: unlimited terror and organization for aggression within any nation so inclined; non-intervention in military epidemics until too late; blind isolationism and neutrality in a world made small by science and made interdependent by industry.

The Atlantic Charter, for all its fine intentions, is an anachronistic document. It promises to divide the world into more and yet more nations, each of them absolutely independent of the others, unlimited in its sovereign right to do mischief. It accepts the right of any country to be as undemocratic and totalitarian as it pleases, a law unto itself. It fails to recognize and to implement larger sovereignties that transcend national sovereignties, human rights that take precedence over national rights.

Self-determination is no guarantee of independence. The sad fate of the small nations set up at Versailles proves that. Even before their freedom was finally expunged by the rampant self-determined nationalism of Nazi Germany, they could maintain the illusion of independence only by accepting the patronage and protection of one of the powerful nations. Independence in its absolute form produces only fear, mistrust, conflict, slavery — because it penalizes pacific nations and gives the right of way to aggressors and trouble-makers among countries.

II

It is unfortunate that in dealing with social and political problems we have not yet escaped the dialectic method of analysis, the method of the ancient Greeks that arbitrarily establishes exclusive opposite notions — good and bad, heat and cold, dark and light. Science, of course, has long ago discarded the procedure. It recognizes that these "opposites" are in fact the same phenomenon, differing in degree.

Of all the "exclusive opposites" which dominate our political thinking, the most dangerously misleading are those that assume "free-

dom" to be the opposite of "compulsion," "dependence" the opposite of "independence." In our individual lives in an organized democratic society, we are free men only because there are a great many things we are *forbidden* to do and a great many things we are *compelled* to do. We are forbidden to make a nuisance of ourselves, to break laws, to put pet ideas into practice if they hurt the community. We are compelled to observe hygienic regulations, to pay taxes, to do military service. If each of us were entirely free to do whatever he wanted, we would all live in a state of permanent terror. The individual freedom and security we cherish in a democracy are ours only because strict limitations on freedom of behavior are prescribed and enforced by organized society.

If all compulsion were removed, we would have not freedom but anarchy and insecurity. We had a mild approximation of such a society on the American frontier not so long ago. Anyone who has ever seen a "western" movie knows the joys of a free community where bad men gain control by force and terrorize the righteous. We are familiar with the efforts of honest individuals in such a society to band together and establish law, backed by the armed compulsion

of sheriffs and deputies and sometimes the United States Army.

The synthesis of freedom and compulsion long recognized in the organization of our social life is still ignored in the field of international relations. So far as nations are concerned, we still believe in freedom in its absolute form. We make a fetish of "sovereignty" and shrink from imposing limitations on a country in the exercise of its free will, regardless of the consequences to other members of the world community. The nations of this earth still exist in the state of anarchy that once characterized the western American frontier. Each of them goes as fully armed as he can afford. All are ready to "shoot it out" when their honor or interests are at stake. The "good" nations depend on moral suasion because they are fearful of infringing on the "freedom" of trouble-makers — until finally obliged to band together and use force to subdue "bad" nations run amok.

We cannot possibly prevent new world conflicts until we temper independence with law, until we acknowledge that freedom — for nations as for individuals — implies legal brakes on their free will, the sacrifice of some national prerogatives as the price for safeguarding the rest.

III

The ideal of national independence and national sovereignty was born as a reaction against absolute monarchy and colonial exploitation. At its inception, it was a significant forward impulse in the story of human progress. The American Declaration of Independence, the French Revolution — following on the development of representative institutions in England — were tremendous incentives to other peoples to seek independence and sovereignty.

The climax of this process was reached in the peace treaties of 1919, when more nations than ever before became wholly independent and sovereign. Twenty years later, all those proud sovereignties were trampled and bloody. Why? Because the political system established in 1919 was an apotheosis of eighteenth century political ideals in total contradiction to the realities of the twentieth century.

Independence, sovereignty, nationality as the basis of states were wonderful achievements at a time when the industrial revolution had not yet begun, when people lived largely under rural conditions, when communications were slow and every large territory was more or less economically self-contained.

Under those conditions, national sovereignty was indeed a great democratic ideal.

What, exactly, did this ideal mean to the eighteenth century philosophers and writers who championed it? It meant that sovereign rights were to be transferred from one man, from the sovereign, to all men, to the people. It was clearly stated that sovereignty rested in the community — *la souveraineté réside dans la communauté*. "The nation" was then the widest horizon conceivable as a self-supporting unit. An advance of "nationalism" at that stage meant, in the first place, the enlargement of the society, the merging of small groups into large ones.

That interpretation no longer applies today, when some hundred sovereign states exist in an industrialized and interdependent world, when it takes less time to travel from continent to continent than it did then to go from Lyons to Paris, or from Boston to Philadelphia. Because the horizons of the community have been extended by the industrial revolution until they embrace the whole globe, sovereignty no longer resides in the community at all. It is exercised in unlimited and absolute style by segments of the community we call nations — a total contradic-

tion of the original conception of democratic sovereignty.

In short, where the ideal of the nation in the eighteenth century meant a *broad*er basis for sovereignty, today it means a *narrow*er basis. The word is the same; the meaning has changed. If we want to lay the foundation for a new epoch of human progress, this conception of sovereignty must be revised. The idea of national independence must be interpreted in conformity with the living facts of this day, rather than inherited and outlived fetishes.

The writer is aware that such notions run against the grain of accustomed attitudes. To doubt the eternal verity of the eighteenth century national ideal sounds "unpatriotic." Nationalism has become as deeply rooted as the tribal emotions of primitive times. Its defenders are intolerant guardians of a dogmatic religion. Nevertheless, the exalted cult of the nation is the greatest obstacle to life, liberty and happiness. It must somehow be made clear to the mass of mankind that restrictions on national independence, the limitation of sovereignty by law, has become the sole guarantee of enduring peace. The new ideals — international law and supranational sovereignties — are fully consistent with local pa-

triotism, pride in one's own country, ambition for one's own country, just as love for one's family, pride in one's city, personal ambition are fully consistent with the limited law-bolstered freedom of the individual in a democratic society.

IV

The crisis of the twentieth century came in 1914 and its end is still far off. It is the climactic conflict between nationalism and industrialism.

These two currents, which have dominated history since the beginning of the nineteenth century, are fundamentally opposed to each other. Nationalism is a process of differentiation. Industrialism is a process of integration. Industrialism — reaching out for raw stuffs in far parts of the globe, distributing its products throughout the world, dependent on freedom of exchange — seeks to break down the walls erected by nationalism. For about a hundred years it was possible for both processes to develop without catastrophic friction. But the limit of compromise and adjustment, the saturation point, was reached at the beginning of the present century. The explosion came in 1914 and is continuing in

1943; unless resolved by a bold renunciation of national sovereignty in its extreme forms, further explosions must come at ever shorter intervals.

By this time, the clash of nationalism and industrialism is so titanic that it must end either in the victory of nationalism or its dethronement. If the nationalist ideal wins out (and this may happen despite the defeat of the Axis), it will put brakes on industrial development, push back the human race to a lower standard of living and to primitive existence under autocratic régimes, casting the attainments of human progress as sacrifices on the altar of the modern goddess: the nation. The dethronement of the goddess can be accomplished only by setting up a world-wide political society within which nations, large and small, would for the first time in our epoch have the possibility of enjoying true interdependence: the kind of freedom buttressed by law, autonomy in local matters, collaboration in larger affairs, the observance of elementary "political hygiene" at home to prevent the epidemics of war. Once the issue is clearly recognized, there can be no hesitation on the part of the democracies.

The meaning of the crisis of the twentieth century is that our shrink-

ing planet must, to some reasonable degree, be brought under unified control. Our task, our duty, in this crucial period of transition is to institute the unified control in a democratic fashion. First of all, we must proclaim the principles. We must re-educate the peoples of the planet, in order to loosen the hold of outlived ideals. To attempt to organize the world again on the pattern of 1919 does not make sense. It would turn our present sacrifices into a mockery and make another world war inevitable.

Many people, aware of the weakness of the 1919 system and the futility of a league of nations without force, are now fostering the idea of an international police force. This idea, in fact, is also implicit in the Atlantic Charter. That is just another illusion. An international police force is inevitable and unavoidable. But alone it is inadequate and will not solve the problem. A police force can be effective and useful only if it carries out the decisions of courts of law. Policing without law lacks moral justification, and in the long run cannot function so that the peoples against whom it acts will accept its authority without revolt.

The cardinal point in any organization on a world-wide democratic basis must be the introduction of

the principle of *law*. That is the only foundation for social life in a modern state—the foundation must be extended to the relationships between nations. We cannot rely on men's promises not to murder, on their pledges not to cheat. Neither can we regulate international relationships by mutual pledges, promises and treaty agreements.

Brute force will always be pitted against law until we accept compulsions, limitations on actions, and an organized power with the legal use of force. The old system crumbled because a "peaceful collaboration of sovereign nations on mutual goodwill" is an impossibility. The independence of a country, as of an individual, does not rest solely on the freedom of its own actions but on the degree to which the freedom of action of other nations may infringe on its own independence. The essence of freedom for nations therefore comes down to regulation of their *interdependence*.

Peace is not a period when it happens that nobody is shooting. Peace is order based on law. The operation of force, provided it is based on law and equality of peoples under such law, is just as indispensable to the conception of international peace as prisons and

executions are indispensable to social order.

V

The character of an internal régime is not a matter of indifference to the rest of the world, since it may lead to aggression and war. A civil conflict, such as the recent Spanish civil war, cannot be ignored on the theory of non-intervention. Neutrality is tantamount to aggression when a weak nation is being robbed by a strong one. Internal terror against helpless minorities is decidedly of concern to the outside world, since the infection of brutality cannot be retained by frontier lines. The disposal of sources of raw materials cannot be a matter of sovereign decision by any one nation or group of nations in an industrialized world whose very day-to-day existence is conditioned by such materials.

A charter which rests on the outworn ideas of self-determination, we repeat, is anachronistic. The statement of Premier Stalin, in a recent speech, that we must establish "the right of every nation to arrange its affairs as it wishes" is no less so. International police forces, superimposed on the eighteenth century principles of sovereign and untrammelled nations, are unnatu-

ral and can only lead to festering resentments and concentrations of power that will sooner or later be challenged.

The need now is for a *Declaration of Interdependence*, a charter of twentieth-century principles upon which a lasting world order can in time be erected. It will be to the United Nations of the future what the Declaration of Independence was in 1776 to the colonies which later formed the United States. The conception must precede the birth. We must make the beginning now by proclaiming the principles of interdependence. The Declaration of 1776 did not create the United States of America. Independence had to be fought for on the battlefield; and after that, it took thirteen years of painful gestation before the new nation was born in the Constitution. To create the truly Interdependent United Nations will take an even longer period. Now is the time to begin.

The tragic fact, however, is that we are not heading or thinking in that direction. The pronouncements of individual leaders of the United Nations, with few exceptions, presuppose a return to the old pattern of absolute national sovereignties. The Atlantic Charter — the only document stating our

aims in this struggle — accepts unquestioningly the anachronistic ideals of nationalism. It does not point the way to integration, to a closer unification of nations, to a system that would embrace all nations in ever larger and larger units. On the contrary, it again asserts that each nationality has the right to its own sovereign state and to its own form of government, no matter how anti-democratic. It again gives some nation, in another decade, the right to set up another Hitler régime if it so wishes, because — let this be quite clear — there can be no intervention until too late even if we possess an international police force so long as we base our international life on the notion of full national sovereignty.

The point is not that the Atlantic Charter lacks clarity — it is all too clear — but that its principles are basically false, and will lead us back into the morass of war. It is a recapitulation of the utopian Wilsonian ideas, which we have seen in operation between the two world wars. It is folly to imagine that they will operate otherwise after the present war, because they remain at variance with the realities of the industrial epoch in which we live.

The Atlantic Charter must be

seriously reconsidered. Its two authors, in particular, must ponder the perpetuation of nationalism, implicit and explicit in that document. To endure, the new democratic world order must be built upon a rock and not upon sand. We need to lay the foundations now of a democratic world order that will make intervention a duty, whenever and wherever the laws of the established order are violated. We need a new interpretation of "the nation" and of sovereignty —

one that gives all nationalities total autonomy and full sovereign rights in their own cultural, national and local problems, but not beyond that.

Only a division of sovereignties—reserving national sovereignty for national matters and international sovereignty for international matters — can give us the framework of a world constitution which will express again the democratic thought that "sovereignty resides in the community."



"Excellent! We'll want about 400,000,000 copies."

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

A Story

BY CARL JONAS

IN THE uptown offices of both the *News* and the *Courier*, they called the south side "Siberia" because as far as news went it was cold, very cold, and as far as a reporter was concerned it was exile. Nothing happened there except the dreary violence of an under-employed meat-packing town. If a reporter couldn't cover Siberia, he wasn't worth the chips and the chips were about twenty-five a week. Possibly Dog wasn't worth the chips, but he had reported for the *News* in Siberia for twenty years. Dog was just a little old man with bugging blue eyes and a face like a potato.

It was seven when he came to work in the south side branch office, which was a box of smudged plaster with tin strips tacked over the floor cracks. In the back was a long, tin-topped table where the carriers got their papers. A cigarette-burned desk stood at an angle to it. On the desk was a typewriter, a telephone, a desk light. Four

morning papers, one *Courier* and three copies of the *News*, waited on the tin-topped table for Dog.

He spread out the *Courier* flat and turned the pages slowly as he looked for stories by Jim Smart, his competition reporter on the *Courier*. Both of them had filled twenty-odd inches of gray print with duplicating gray paragraphs of news. It gave Dog a safe feeling. He turned back to the front page. Suddenly, a flurry of aged apprehension spun in his buckskin chest. In the middle of page one was a half-column story with Jim Smart's by-line over it.

The story described exquisitely the activity of a spider spinning a web behind the Okay Hardware Store on Twenty-fourth Street. It told how the spider, spinning all the time, had projected itself across a twelve-foot chasm, given itself a vertical anchorage with a cinder, how it had hoisted the cinder to position by improvising a pulley, how a hundred south side citizens

had stopped work for an hour to watch the artisan.

"If that's news. . . ." Dog spat a contemptuous "ptoo" at the floor, but all the same a fear fluttered in his chest. There was no doubt that Jim Smart could write. He picked up his papers and shuffled off for the station house.

The beefy desk sergeant put one fist against the arrest book and shoved it through the cage at Dog. Then the sergeant reached down the board on which the captain's reports were clipped. In return, he took Dog's three papers. Then he pushed back his cap and said, "Didja hear about the explosion, Dog?"

Dog's eyes bugged up anxiously.

"The wind blew up the street." Haw-hawing, the cop went back to the captain's office with the papers.

Dog puckered his lips and thumbed through the reports. Drunkenness, theft, streetwalking were overlooked. On one report, though, Dog's eyes did narrow.

OFFICERS BEISTRO AND
KELLY INVESTIGATED DAM-
AGE TO RIVER SHANTIES
DUE TO HIGH WATER.
CONFIRMED REPORT RIVER
REACHING FLOOD STAGE.
FIRE DEPT. NOTIFIED.

Dog looked up. "River in flood stage?"

"Twenty-three feet," the desk

cop said benevolently. "Ought to be a story in that."

"They'll handle it uptown," Dog said.

"Seems to me, Dog," the cop insinuated, "that the uptown boys handle all the important stories. Maybe that's why they're up-town."

"I got my orders." He began to copy the traffic violations in still slow accuracy.

"Morning, Dog." The voice was young, precise to harshness. It was Jim Smart, the *Courier* man. Smart thumped three *Couriers* down on the desk. The cop made his face very broad and dumb.

"Hear about the explosion, Smart?"

Smart's thin face split into a grin. "The wind blew up the street?"

"Naw. It blew down the chimney." The cop took the papers back to the captain's office. Dog moved over so they could both work from the arrest book.

"There's something you ought to know, Dog," Smart said suddenly and cautiously.

Dog looked up. They didn't usually talk until the edition was safe on the press. "Yes?" he asked mildly.

"The *Courier* and the *News* might consolidate,"

Dog blinked his eyes. "I've heard those rumors off and on for a good many years. They can't consolidate. A city this size has got to have two papers."

"Not if the syndicate wants to sell out." Smart stopped talking and thumbed through the captain's reports, stopping at the flood water announcement. Then he looked back at Dog. "How long have you been on this beat, Dog?" he asked.

"Nineteen years. Why?"

Dog knew why, though. If the papers consolidated, there would be only one job where now there were two. A man would be let out, and outside was colder than Siberia for newsmen.

The routine of the morning ticked on. Dog and Smart flanked the judge behind the golden oak bar of justice while successive inept lives paraded before them. In the middle of it, the desk sergeant tiptoed down the side-aisle of the court. He sidled over and whispered asthmatically. "The river's in flood stage, boys, and there's a house floating down it. A whole house with people on it."

Smart folded his notes. "Where did it come from?" he whispered. "And where is it now?"

"I don't know where it come from, but it's stranded off Child's point and the people can't get off

and the water's coming up fast."

"I'll call my office," Dog said.

"You'll what?" Smart jumped.

"I'll call my office," Dog repeated, and walked out of the courtroom. He phoned from the captain's office. As he dialed, Smart walked in and grabbed his arm. Dog clicked down the hook with his finger.

"Look, Dog, you can't call your office on this."

"Why can't I?"

"It's none of my business, but if you call, they'll send a special man. It's too big a story to let someone else cash in on."

"What's that to you?"

"I've got my orders, too, but I won't let them bury me down here. Look at you. You've been here in Siberia for twenty years. You've stuck here because you've let every good scrap of news go to someone else uptown."

"I've got my orders."

"Give yourself a chance. I'll even take you out there in my car. I've got a camera and I'll even split with you on pictures."

In answer, Dog began to dial slowly. As he listened to the interlocking mechanical noises, he hated Smart, hated his generosity, hated his youth.

"City room," he said, as he got his number.

The voice on the other end recognized his. "You'll have to wait, Dog. It's a rat race up here. You've heard about it?"

"Heard about what?"

"It's just broken. The *Courier* is taking us over. The syndicate sold us out. If you want to hold your job you better think of something fast. That's what we're all trying to do."

Dog sat there with the telephone in his hand, his eyes frozen wide open, his comprehension trying to catch up with the words. He had heard what the life of an old newsman without a job was like. He had to act and his only advantage was that Smart didn't yet know for a fact the competition they were in. Dog clicked the receiver onto the hook. "Smart," he called. "You're right. I'll cover this story myself. I'll go with you."

II

Smart drove with a black, reckless concentration through back streets, around corners with tires whistling, past the city limits, onto the shifting gravel along the river road, and precipitously dropping from it on a one-way lane to the flats, then breaking their own road through the short brush. Finally, at the end of the point, they saw

the great brown river swinging by, full of whorls beyond a two-hundred-yard fringe of slack water.

Islanded and bobbing precariously in the yellow race was the corner of a house roof with three men crouched on it. Along the flood fringe, in the foreground, two dozen or so bewildered, hard-bitten farmers watched helplessly. They all crowded around when the car stopped and their voices seemed to twitch like a rabbit's nose.

"The *Sergeant Prior's* comin' up from Plattsmouth and pick 'em off," one said.

"The house'll roll over with 'em first," another said.

"If you could get a line across to them," Smart said, "you could save them," and the farmers paid attention. "Have you got a line here?"

Dog could only stand and stare at the bobbing house top. The world had narrowed down to just those men out there, stranded for a moment against the downstream rush. Things swam in between and he seemed to flounder with them. He and Smart and the blue-overalled farmers walked almost a mile upstream, where they hauled a boat out of a slough and began tying ropes together. They put the boat in the slack water and tied one end of the line to the bow. Then Jim

Smart, holding his news camera in one hand, shoved plate holders into Dog's arms.

"I'm going to take the line out. Look after my pictures," Smart said.

With more plate holders and his camera, Smart got into the skiff and set the oars in the locks. He waved and began rowing. The idea was to row out through the current past the house and drift down onto it.

Out and down, out and down, Smart won his way while the farmers ran along the bank paying out the line. Three hundred yards above the house, he stopped rowing.

Now his camera was out and he was squinting along the side of it at the men on the roof. Behind him, where everyone but he could see it, and drawing a cracking, agonized prayer from all of them, rode a massive cottonwood, its roots and arms sailing in the air. Just in time he lowered his camera and saw the ton of tree bearing upon him. Still holding his camera, he dove forward into the water as a branch demolished his boat.

A half-formed cry swelled into a shout as Smart's head bobbed up again at the end of the long line. Then he swung down upon the stranded house and the men on it pulled him up and triumphantly

handled the line which bowed downstream, almost pulling them with it.

As they fastened themselves to the line, away down the bend a shrill boat whistle announced the *Sergeant Prior*, its twin diesels pushing sturdily against the current and its yellow wheelhouse shining in the sun like hope. Then the stranded house yawed and revolved and spilled the men into the current.

The shore end of the line was fast on the rear spring of Smart's car. A farmer let in the clutch. The car dragged the men brutally to safety. The other farmers and Dog ran downstream to pull them out of the water.

They were all battered and Jim Smart had a knee which was bent the wrong way. "I lost my pictures. I lost my damn pictures," he mumbled as they laid him on the bank. It made Dog remember that they were enemies and the feeling was frantic and lost, like being locked in a closet.

The *Sergeant Prior* was a government inspection boat and now she was fast along the bank. A spry frog of a man with a black bag and a panama hat jumped ashore.

"What's the verdict?" Smart said. His lips were pulled back and down.

"We'll have to put you on the *Prior*," the doctor said. "We can drop down the river and put you in the hospital at Fort Crook."

Dog knew that this was his chance. He had a story, and with Smart's car, he could get a beat on him of several hours, an exclusive possibly, considering the condition of Smart's leg. But he was caught in mass movement and found himself skimming downstream in the cabin of the *Prior*, helplessly watching Smart, his leg in an improvised splint, melodramatically pounding out his story on a government engineer's typewriter.

But Dog's story would not form. He had never been trained to form his frayed feelings into news. This was a story of consecutive terrors he had gone through and they were knotted inside of him and meaningless. He just sat and stared with his bugging china eyes at Smart, whose young, foolish vitality was turning even pain into news copy.

Dog shuffled out onto the narrow deck of the *Prior* and leaned against a stanchion. He knew what was the matter. He was an old man in a young man's job. He could hear the young man from where he stood, first tapping the typewriter thoughtfully and then bursting into machine gun speed, then stopping again in thought. When the

sound stopped entirely, Dog stepped back into the cabin.

Smart's face was gray and sharp with controlled pain. His elbow rested on the typewriter and his copy was piled beside it. "I'm done, Dog," he said slowly, "just about done."

Dog didn't say anything.

Smart jerked his head and spoke rapidly. "You've got to do something for me. I shouldn't ask you, but you've got to do it."

"What is it?" Dog said.

"You've got to get my copy in for me. I'm gonna pass out, see. I'm gonna pass out." Smart clawed the pages of copy together and thrust them at Dog. "You'll have your own story. See that mine gets in, 'cause I'm gonna pass out."

The copy seemed to stick in Dog's hands. This was something reporters didn't do. In the mixed ethics of journalism, it was unethical. It was Dog's right even to take the story for his own.

"Just see that someone at the *Courier* gets it," Jim insisted. "Just leave it there. Send it up by cab. It's got to get there. Got to."

"Okay," Dog said suddenly. He straightened the pages, folded them once and shoved them into his coat pocket. He waited till Smart did pass out and then he shuffled on deck to call the doctor.

It was only eleven o'clock when a car from the Fort let him out again at the south side branch office. He was still working up news for the same edition as when he had started out. The only difference was that now Smart's copy was in his pocket. Guiltily, he pulled it out and began to read the story. As he read, he lowered himself into his creaking swivel chair.

It wasn't a news story. It wasn't anything, really. It was a babbling chronicle of successive pains. Only the lead and first paragraph were coherent at all. The rest was written by a grating compound fracture, only here and there rising to intelligibility.

An ugly glee laughed in his thin old gut. A story like that wouldn't steal his job. All he had to do was deliver it to the *Courier* and write his own story, if his own story would only form enough for him to write it. He fed two sheets of copy paper into his typewriter and slowly copied off the lead from Smart's story. As he typed those first dramatic words, the morning returned to him, returned crystallized into form and meaning. It was uncanny the way it came, and for the first time in his life, he felt the ecstasy of a story which wrote itself. It wrote itself faster than he

could keep up with it and his stiff old fingers seemed to pluck chords from the machine. When he stamped in the last period, he was limp.

As he reread it, he knew that he had created journalism, knew it would be picked up by wire services, knew its author would be rooted up out of Siberia to the uptown office. He knew it and suddenly it frightened him. The ecstasy of creation had been three-quarters pain. The labor had made him tremble. He was tired and scared.

He fed the first sheet of copy back into the typewriter and deliberately beat in Jim Smart's by-line. Then he folded it and shuffled out to the street to find a cab. "Take this up to the *Courier* office," he said to the driver, and watched the cab drive off without even blinking his china eyes.

It was three weeks later. Dog still shuffled about Siberia, resting his pelvis now and then in the station house. The story had put Jim Smart in the uptown office, as he had known it would.

It was afternoon, and he puttered his way into the captain's office. Jim Smart was leaping on a crutch by the desk, his leg weighted with plaster.

"That wasn't my story," Smart

snapped. "Why did you do it?"

Dog stopped and blinked. He smiled gently and said, "I knew it'd put you uptown. I knew that would leave the south side open for me."

"But man," Smart burst out. "It would have put you up there yourself."

Dog put his wrinkled hand on the young man's arm. "The uptown office is a young man's job. Down here, it's nice and quiet. I

like it. You see, it's an old man's job — and I'm an old man."

The desk sergeant shoved his beefy red face in through the doorway. "Hey, you guys," he shouted. "Didja hear about the explosion?"

They were too surprised to answer.

"The wind blew over the bridge," the sergeant answered himself, and haw-hawed contentedly as he went back to the desk.

WITHOUT DRAMA

BY LE GARDE S. DAUGHTY

WHAT will a man think when he breaks the gray metal of the sea?
Can you say, you who sit on the right hand of fate taking tea?

What will a man think? Will he think how the waves swerve

Like mellow loam from a plowshare —

Serve hard, acrid, salt, anomalously

Like mellow loam? Or will he stare

At cold, curling water, metal-water, seeing a wave of hair

Sweeping along the warm, familiar curve

Of a woman's shoulder even there?

Will he think this? see this? and will his mind turn thence

To the damned, thick, bold, ambitious hooligans who made this fight?

And will his finger become angry? Will it become tense

On his cigarette as if the thing were trigger-steel exploding hell?

And when his fellow looks, looks twice, and sees he is right

Pensive or moody or something and asks him what is wrong,

What will the man say? will he tell

Him: "Oh, nothing. Not a damn thing," and roll out his cigarette where he mashed it tight?

And then will he say: "Damn, but this wind is strong. Give me a light?"

► *Wartime poetry, novels and plays provide proof that*

RUSSIA IS CHANGING

BY VERA ALEXANDROVA

NEWS out of Russia is on all the front pages. Books and articles about the Soviet land and its leaders are being published in ever larger numbers. But none of this gives us an inkling of what the masses of that huge country think, what they feel, what hopes they cherish. In a curious way, indeed, the books and the news reports obscure the living Russia, since they deal with surface facts and are filled with hackneyed phrases about Soviet life and ideology.

It is safe to assume that a war which takes millions of lives and imposes terrible sufferings must work profound changes in national life. What these are will not be manifest until later, just as the changes wrought by the first world war were not manifest until long after. Yet it is already possible to trace some deep marks which events since June 22, 1941, have made on the souls of men. Russian poetry and Russian literature created in these trying months are available, and in these, we find clear and often startling expression of vital changes.

More than in any other country, literature in Russia reflects the psychology of the people. Because of the rigid censorship, little things acquire big meanings. The overtones of a poem or story often tell us more than the words themselves. The writer of this article, having followed that literature before and since the invasion, can attest that far-reaching new attitudes are in evidence; or perhaps we should say a reversion to old attitudes.

In plays and novels and poems, communists appear to be receding into the background while ordinary Russians, sometimes Russians not entirely sympathetic to the communists, tend to take the foreground. Even when the heroes are communists, it is the Russian in them, rather than the political person, which stands out. Of the former standardized passion for world revolt there is hardly a trace and the clichés about industrialization and "Soviet achievements" are fewer and less insistent. Above all, one senses a love for the common folk, the folk who are fighting and suffer-

ing, that is far removed from the ritual phrases about workers and peasants, from the cynical disregard of the individual, characteristic of the recent past. There is a sort of return to the people in recent literature, tinged with a feeling of guilt for years of neglect.

The marks left by the war are noticeable especially in the psychology of those who belong to the privileged classes of Soviet society. To understand that fact, we must recall that for the past ten years the new Soviet *intelligentsia*, its youth in particular, has been brought up to think of the communist régime as firm and eternal. The stories, poems, dramas dedicated to preparing the people for coming war always chose as the scene of battle some distant edge of the country where valiant border guards watched the "sacred frontiers" and invariably repulsed the "impertinent bandits" who dared attack. Until the day when Hitler changed the plot, no war in Soviet literature ever got beyond victorious frontier skirmishes.

In the life of the younger generation, "frontier guards" thus played the rôle of a psychological Maginot Line, behind which the Soviet Union lived securely under the matchless leadership of "the Party, the Government and Stalin." Then

war came, real war. The frontiers gave way quickly. Vast territories and millions of population fell to the enemy. But what mattered most was the psychological shock. Young Red Army soldiers who only yesterday had been students, hundreds of thousands of engineers, physicians, government officials, nurses suddenly were freed from the hypnosis of propaganda. They became abruptly aware of the misery of a peasant country, a rural, backward land to which they had closed their eyes.

"On our way we saw a great deal of grief and many reproachful eyes; we have learned to understand people's looks, to read in them as in a book," Boris Lavreniov writes in his short story "Portrait." This note of surprised awareness of misery and dumb reproach is struck so often in the latest sketches and novels out of Russia that the quotation deserves to be inscribed over any collection of literary works of the war period.

II

What was it that impressed the Soviet youth so sharply in their new contact with the realities of peasant Russia? Constantine Simonov, the most popular of the younger poets, gives the answer openly in lines like

these, dedicated to his fellow-poet, Alexei Surkov:

*You must know, I am sure, that our
fatherland
Is no city home where one lives at his
ease,
But a land of villages which our fathers
knew,
With simple crosses on their Russian
graves.*

Simonov does not conceal that it was this dreadful war that first pushed him into learning about the eternal Russia of simple peasants. Simonov's first poems were published only in 1935. His great popularity is in no way due to official patronage. At first, in fact, the authorities discouraged his work. But the poet broke into print notwithstanding with his own deeply felt and at first unpopular theme: his love for the country and its ordinary people. Russia's long past had convinced the poet that its people, as a mass, were superior to all their governments in morale, in courage, in enduring qualities.

This was the idea he began to develop in his pre-war ballads, "Suvorov," "The Lieutenant," and "Two Old Men." It is precisely this thought, or rather this state of mind, scarcely touched by "politics," that today unites the broad masses of the people and the Red Army. And that is why army men are so fond of Simonov's poetry.

The feeling that runs through his work is so strong that it carries along older poets and prose writers who previously had written in a quite different vein. Alexei Surkov, for instance, entered Soviet literature right from the civil war front, and in all the years thereafter sang of class struggle and industrialization, and dreamed of becoming "the unknown soldier of world revolution." Nothing of all that remains in his work today. In reply to his friend's poem, quoted above, Surkov wrote:

*In the midst of night and darkness
We have carefully borne before us
The inextinguishable flame of faith
In our Russian, our native folk.*

He went on to express his conviction that all those who have not lost faith in their nation in these terrible days are forever united by bonds of friendship. His plain implication is that class lines have been eradicated, that the human being has superseded the political man.

Poets who used to avoid rural themes have now turned their faces to peasant Russia. Mikhail Svetlov is typical. A romanticist of the early revolutionary period, he perceives today for the first time with human warmth a "little point" in the distance "on the snow-covered Russian plain"; it is "a village girl

marching, all alone, over the snowy plain," small and weak, closing her eyes against the wind, courageously mastering the vast and evil space. He doesn't bother to specify whether she is an activist or a collectivist.

The new themes are to the fore in prose as in poetry. For twenty years, Fiodor Gladkov, author of the famous novel *Cement*, had written about the achievements of the Party bureaucrats and the communist intellectuals, of the right to ignore present sufferings of the masses in the name of the greater "historical interests of the proletariat." He spent ten years of his life, from 1928 to 1938, on his three-volume novel *Energy*, glorifying the Dnieperstroy hydroelectric station. But war came and one day, in its retreat, the Red Army was obliged to blow up Dnieperstroy.

In that explosion, something blew up also in the minds of the most rigid ideologists and advocates of industrialization at any price. Today Gladkov is living in the deep interior of the land. His new work carries the proof that he has been deeply impressed by events. His characters are no longer propaganda stereotypes but plain unpolitical Russians.

In his short story, "Pavlusha's Pigeons," Gladkov describes an

incident in a German-occupied village. Among hostages gathered up by the invader are an old couple and their grandson, Pavlusha, who begs the German commander to be allowed to go and set his pigeons free. The commander is touched by the attractive boy and lets him go, quite sure he will never return. But the boy comes back and to the amazed German officer he explains: "I always keep my word. How else could it be? My grandpa and grandma are here. If we are to die, let's all die together." Gladkov declares that this tale, told to him by a peasant, evokes in him "a love for this my people, tenderness for this our Russian nature, our Russian life." He says that he loves Pavlusha and his grandparents "with all the power of my soul," being "proud that *we, too*, belong to the same family of Russians." This from the author of *Cement* and the glory singer for Dnieperstroy!

III

The heroic deeds of unknown and often unnamed village lads, the courage and self-sacrifice of peasant women, of unlettered old people, of the suspect, the "disfranchised," and even "the bourgeois" of yesteryear — these are among the favorite subjects of the war literature.

Lyev Kassil's "Story of the One Who Wasn't There" is set in a hospital ward. A young lieutenant is being given the Order of the Workers' Banner. He seems embarrassed and asks to explain. It appears that it was not he but a simple farmer boy who accomplished the heroic deed of leading his troops out of a trap. The details are not important. What is important is the lieutenant's — which is to say the author's — feeling for the brave, shrewd, homey boy whose name he did not even know. The generals and high officials in the hospital ward, following the impulse of their hearts, all rise to their feet to honor the unknown Russian child.

Though many of these stories are shapeless and crude, they remain in one's mind for what stirs in them: for a sincere, though not always consciously perceived, feeling of guilt before the simple moral greatness of the people. Unsaid but implicit is the self-reproach: "These are the people whom we have pushed around and ignored." To anyone familiar with Russian history, there is in it something of the emotion which spread through the *intelligentsia* in the populist movement of the 1870's.

This becomes particularly clear when one compares these tales of the people with the old-style ac-

counts of the deeds of communists and commissars — as for example, Panferov's "With My Own Eyes" or Stavski's "Front Diary." A collection of stories entitled *Komsomols¹ in the Fight for Our Country* contains many descriptions of heroic acts. Komsomols refuse to betray secrets under extreme torture; "smilingly" they look into the hangman's face, singing the *Internationale*. But these deeds are always recounted with such minute and ritual detail that one loses sight of the live people behind them. They remind one of the ancient *Lives of Our Martyred Saints*.

How different, how warm and simple are the accounts of the common men! It is in this contrast that we find signs that a communist approach is giving way to a human approach.

In Pavel Nilin's novel *Lifeline*, a young Moscow lad, Mitya Popov, volunteers for the army in the dramatic days when Moscow's fate was being decided. His grandmother, who brought him up, dotes on Mitya and she cannot conceal her anxiety. She has heard that Hitler is especially hard on volunteers. But in reply to Mitya's irritated question as to what he should do — hide, or flee? — the grandmother says: "Oh, no, good

¹ Members of the Communist Youth organization.

heavens! Thank God, we are still Russian people! Whither could we run from our own soil?" Neither the boy nor the woman express their feelings at length, yet the reader becomes aware of their deep-rooted attachment to the native land.

The whole background of the novel, in fact, is redolent of the eternal Russia beyond ideologies. One cannot forget old Aunt Vera standing at the gates of Moscow, greeting the Red Army men as they go out to defend the city. Should they meet her Mikhail, she tells them, would they give him her regards and tell him not to worry. As she goes, she makes the sign of the cross on Mitya and the others, saying in colloquial Russian: "Maybe you don't believe in God, and maybe you're Komsomols. But I'm a Godly one, as they say, from the old régime. I'll still give you my blessings. Go ahead, boys, so help you God. Beat him, that devil!"

For twenty years, the heroes of most Soviet literary works were communists. Today, there is a growing number in which the hero is just a rank-and-file Russian. In the moment of stress, this ordinary Russian does not betray the communist, but even declares himself to be the communist for whom the Germans are looking. In the white

heat of war, writers seek to convey, the old antagonisms are being melted down. Here, for instance, is a story by Ilyenkov called "Fetis Zyablikov." Years ago, when the communist Vavilich came to collect "voluntary contributions," Fetis met him with a sour joke: "What is it we've got to turn our pockets out for this time? Airplanes? Or Negroes?" But now, with Germans in the village looking for Vavilich, the same Fetis unhesitatingly passes himself off as Vavilich, at the cost of his life, to fool the enemy.

IV

The new attitude towards the non-Party Russian masses emerges clearly in *The Invasion*, the latest play by one of Russia's most talented writers, Leonid Leonov.

The action takes place in a little town on the eve of its surrender to the Germans. The main characters are the family of the "non-Party" physician Talanov, an old intellectual and idealist. He has decided to stay rather than flee, because he might be needed by his townspeople. His son Fiodr, who has been in a concentration camp, has completed his term and shows up in the midst of the excitement. Though Fiodr was in the concentration camp for a crime of passion, he

serves nevertheless as the type of the oppositionist, the nonconformist. The family is worried, afraid that Fiodr might have arrived to help the invader — and the point of the whole play is that, on the contrary, he acts heroically *against* the enemy, even shielding the leading communist with his own life.

The communist in the play, Andrei, is inwardly confused, in a lyrical mood, sorry in all these years never to have had a “good talk” with the non-Party doctor. Only now he understands what a wonderful man Talanov is. “And there are so many like you, unknown friends, all over the country!” he exclaims. “We used to be severe and forget the word ‘kindness.’”

Fiodr, fresh from concentration camp, offers himself as a member of Andrei’s guerilla brigade. Even though he “lacks references,” he says, he does not fear death: “For three years I’ve slept with death.” The communist Andrei refuses the offer and as he goes out, Fiodr follows him with his eyes and says: “I am not an artillery expert, father, *but that gun doesn’t shoot any more!*” Which is a harsh judgment of a communist to be permitted utterance on a Soviet stage.

Without going into the complicated action of the play, it develops

that a series of heroic exploits, which are credited to the communist, in fact have been carried out by Fiodr. The Germans, having caught the culprit, assume that it is the communist and Fiodr lets them continue to think so. Thus again the communist is put in debt to a non-Party man, and an ex-inmate of a concentration camp at that. The guerilla fighters in jail with Fiodr insist on finding out why this hero has been willing to sacrifice himself, but Fiodr does not tell. He continues to be aggressive in his manner, even bitter. “*I have lengthened your lives; and I’m not asking for a receipt either,*” he tells them. When he is executed, Fiodr dies a hero, but unregenerate so far as his attitude to the régime symbolized by the communist is concerned.

To grasp the full import of the story one must recall that Fiodr is the final link in a long chain of “oppositionist” heroes in Leonov’s writings. The hero of his novel, *The Thief*, which is available in English translation, was not “just a thief,” but a former communist disappointed in the régime. “I am one of them, I belong to them,” he tells his one-time girl friend. “I can still die if that is needful. But to spy through keyholes, that I cannot and will not do.” At the beginning of this novel, Leonov prepared

Mitka, the thief, for a tragic end, but before he finishes, he yields to the pressures of his time and "saves" Mitka by converting him into a respectable member of the proletariat. Leonov understood that he had violated the spirit of his hero and practically confessed it in the novel itself through the mouth of one of the characters, a writer who says, "I did not love Mitka enough to tell all the truth about him, nor explain truthfully why he finally dropped out of the life for which he had so much fought."

In all his works, Leonov's oppo-

sitionist heroes were thus "saved" for the cause. But in this terrible year of the war, he has had the urge and the courage to let his oppositionist die without being reformed. The propaganda pattern has been broken. That he has had the spirit to break through, and that his play is produced and applauded, is not merely a victory of the artist over political pressures, but a sign of the times. Mysteriously but profoundly, the Russian psychology is changing. The implications for the Russia of tomorrow are incalculable.



"Perhaps I should make another speech . . . asking patriots to surrender their ice bags. . . ."

LAUGHS WITH FATHER

BY DAGMAR GODOWSKY

The late Leopold Godowsky, great composer and piano virtuoso, was famous for his sharp and candid wit. Musicians delight in recalling the anecdotes that cluster around his name. Here his daughter — herself a gifted artist and a Hollywood star in the silent cinema era — has set down a few of the more celebrated stories about her father. — THE EDITORS.

MY FATHER and Josef Hofmann were at a concert by a well-known pianist who, in father's view, was more highly esteemed than his talent deserved. In the middle of the Schumann *Fantasia*, the player had a lapse of memory and kept playing the same phrase over and over again. Hofmann, horrified, turned to father and whispered tensely:

"Isn't it awful the way that man forgets!"

"No, not at all," father consoled him, "the way he remembers is worse."

* * *

One of the great conductors always boasted about his wife's voice, which my father charitably com-

pared to that of a peacock. Visiting the city where this couple lived, he accepted an invitation to their home. At dinner he listened to the conductor rave again about his wife's singing. Father took it patiently. But when it came to the point where his host said, "Now you must hear her sing," father said quietly, "Look here, my friend, I always knew that love was blind, but I never knew that love was deaf."

* * *

The cream of the musical world was gathered at Carnegie Hall for the American *debut* of Jascha Heifetz. Mischa Elman, a violinist of a somewhat older vintage, sat in our box. After Heifetz's first number the applause was deafening. The audience went mad, yelling and screaming and stamping. Elman turned to my father and said, "Isn't it hot in here?"

"Not for pianists," my father smiled.

* * *

The above story was soon being repeated and became widely known.

Indeed, the pianist Jan Smeterlin told me once that shortly after the Heifetz *debut* he, Smeterlin, went to hear a new and much-heralded pianist in a badly ventilated auditorium. As the place became more stifling, he took his handkerchief out of his pocket and was about to wipe his forehead — when suddenly he remembered my father's remark to Elman. He quickly put the kerchief back into his pocket.

* * *

Father was at a concert with Leonard Liebbling. They heard a complicated piece by Prokofieff. When the critic asked what he thought of the work, father replied:

"It sounds as if he had written the fingering first and the music afterward."

Liebbling, now editor of the *Musi-*

cal Courier, still likes to quote that as a sample of capsule criticism.

* * *

Another remark that Liebbling cites in conversation about father has to do with the time he wished to study under Godowsky. After father had given him some lessons, he broke the news gently: "Leonard," he said, "I can tell by your playing that you are going to be a fine writer or a fine music critic."

* * *

My father's composition *Alt Wien* had a great popular success. Fischer, the music publisher, came to my father and in great elation announced that the song was having a large sale. Father shook his head sadly. "I didn't think the composition was as bad as all that," he said.



► *To head off postwar depression,
we must break up monopolies.*

HOW CARTELS AFFECT YOU

BY THURMAN ARNOLD

CONFIDENT of victory, we are today looking ahead to the postwar world. And it is vital that we do so. Postwar economic policy is not an academic question. Our industrial morale is disturbed by the memory of the past depression, when we saw undistributed surpluses on every side, idle capital and idle labor — want in the midst of plenty. We fear that the war will create new surpluses and plunge us into a new depression. Measures to ensure employment when the war ends have become the concern not only of economists, but of the man on the street.

As the hope of victory grows, another set of planners is getting busy. They are the managers of our domestic and international cartels — the holders of special economic privileges responsible for many of our shortages today. The vast new production created by the war endangers the established price structures on which their future dividends depend. New light metals,

new forms of transportation, new techniques may make huge investments obsolete. New Henry Fords are over the horizon, threatening the domination of established industrial bureaucracies. And so the cartel leaders of the world are preparing to protect the system of high prices and low turnover, restricted production, and controlled markets against new postwar enterprise.

The revival of these cartel arrangements — at home and internationally — is today the greatest menace to full employment and full production after the war. It threatens the fair exchange between the products of the farm and the products of industry. It threatens the security and the job tenure of the common man. Yet average Americans know little about cartels and it is time they woke up to the seriousness of this problem. In this article, my purpose is to spell out the ABC of the industrial disease of cartelization.

The shortest way of defining a cartel is to describe it as a small ring of private individuals who get

The views expressed here are my own and not necessarily those of all government agencies working on these problems. — T. A.

substantial control over the production or distribution of some basic material or some necessity of life. I emphasize basic materials and the necessities of life because it is in these fields that cartels are most effective. Consumers can always refuse to buy luxuries. But the man who needs a roof over his head or a pair of spectacles must pay the price, however high, and the manufacturer who is being deprived of light metals like magnesium or aluminum, or of plastics, is compelled to build his product out of obsolete materials. The aim of the cartel is to prevent outsiders from producing and distributing, except on the terms which the cartel dictates. They want control of production and distribution so that new enterprise will not come in and create what the cartel managers consider a "surplus." Cartels operate within one nation, or extend their control through many nations, often through the whole world.

In a competitive industry, new energy and initiative have a chance to come to the top. In a cartelized industry, advancement comes only through the favor of an established group. It resembles the old court at Versailles, where men owed their careers to the patronage of some prominent individual close to the

king. Thus a class of privileged individuals becomes established in power. These men are afraid of a competitive struggle, and sincerely believe that the only orderly way to manage production is to allow them to select their colleagues and their successors. This is the antithesis of industrial democracy.

But perhaps you do not regard industrial freedom important as an end in itself. If so, let us examine the effect of its destruction on your pocketbook and your job. We are on the verge of a new industrial age — the age of light metals — which may bring a higher standard of living than the world has ever known before, better housing, better transportation, more abundant food. We will get these higher standards only if we allow competitive forces to pass the savings of these new techniques on to consumers, free from the control of the domestic and international cartels.

For example, suppose it costs \$500 to plaster your house. Then a new chemical or metal product is invented which makes a stronger and more permanent wall than plaster and it costs only \$250. The new product will make obsolete many manufacturing enterprises; it will displace labor. But, if the saving is passed on to the consumer, he will have \$250 to spend for a

bigger house, or any one of the number of myriad consumers' wants. The labor displaced by the new product will soon find employment in new industries which this extra \$250 in spending power will create. There will be plenty of extra money in consumers' hands to pay for unemployment insurance while the shift to new industry is going on — social security will work in a competitive market.

Suppose, however, this product (as is actually the case in most new building products) is controlled by a cartel. The cartel price will probably be \$490, low enough to drive out plaster and still make a maximum profit on the new board. The \$250 in labor and in manufacturing is destroyed. Only \$10 of increased purchasing power is released. The consumer has lost \$240 in purchasing power. Thus a situation of permanent technological unemployment is created which requires government relief. The taxes levied to pay for that relief will more than take up the \$10 saved by the consumer. Eventually, the consumer must buy less meat, the farmers demand subsidies, and that requires new taxes. We reach in the end an irreducible minimum of nine million unemployed, deficit financing, a mounting public debt, want in the midst of plenty.

Of the myriad actual instances of this sort of thing, I have space for only a few. The tobacco cartel, after paying heavy government taxes, in some years made more net profits than the entire gross price which the farmers of the nation received for their tobacco crop. Tin containers take about 15 to 25 per cent of the entire wholesale price of canned food. Fire and marine insurance companies in the U. S. A. receive a billion dollars in premiums from property owners and pay back less than \$400,000,000 in losses. The total effect of the cartel system was indicated by the President in his monopoly message of 1938. Of all the corporations reporting, he said, less than 5 per cent owned 87 per cent of the assets of all of them; one-tenth of 1 per cent owned 50 per cent of the combined net income; 4 per cent earned 84 per cent of the total net profits.

A small but amusing example of the whole process is the price of false teeth. A cartel with domestic and international connections controls a substance called methylmethacrylate. It has a variety of uses, including plastic glass, and is the best material for dentures. The cartel sold this product to commercial users for eighty-five cents a pound. The price fixed to dentists

(prior to an anti-trust investigation) was *forty-five dollars a pound*. By using a different trade name, the cartel pretended it was a different product. It is in this sort of control that we have the root of permanent technological unemployment and the shutting down of the wheels of commerce.

II

But there is another angle of the cartel problem, apart from the consumer's dollar. It is the actual slowing up of efficiency — the holding of new processes off the market. Cartels have plenty of money for scientific research. They do not try to *prevent* new inventions; they try to *control* them. Their aim is to prevent others from suddenly introducing a new process which will make old machinery obsolete or will suddenly expand production and break established prices. They do not try to stop industrial progress; they try to get a corner on it.

An analogy from the field of competitive sports may be useful. When I was a boy, the old sidestroke was the fastest way of swimming. Then came the Australian crawl and old sidestroke swimmers were hopelessly outclassed. If swimming had been dominated by a

cartel, its history would have read like this:

In 1910, a patent pool to control the Australian crawl and other new strokes was formed by the managers of the Yale, Harvard and Princeton swimming teams. The purpose was to keep second-rate colleges growing up in the West and South in their proper place. There was also the humanitarian idea that old swimmers who had worked so hard and who could not be expected to learn new strokes deserved protection. The managers argued that swimming had become a mature sport, that it was time to eliminate the wastes of competition and to guard against the overproduction of swimmers. Roughnecks and chisellers were excluded. Persons distasteful to the management were not allowed on new teams. Each team was given a quota which determined the number of victories it was entitled to.

At first there was some difficulty with recalcitrant swimming teams who wanted to win according to ability. However, pressure was put on them by the sort of methods familiar to corporation officials confronted with troublesome competitors. One danger that remained to worry the sidestroke swimming cartel — the threat of foreign teams developing swimmers

on a mass scale and destroying the cartel's chances in the Olympic games. This was avoided by an international cartel agreement which decided the quota of victories to be allotted to the foreign cartel teams — according to past statistics modified by cash payments.¹

Thus the cartel, with its international connections, was able to stabilize the competitive system of swimming. It got soft and flabby, but it bought space to prove that swimmers could not be developed through competition as well as by restricting it to a few selected people. No one, the cartel argued, would bother to learn a new swimming stroke if everyone else could use it after he had developed it. And besides, to stretch the analogy, if new teams were allowed to come in on equal terms, the widows who had invested in established teams would lose and swimming would get a bad name. Finally, the cartel proved that you could not expect a swimmer to put his whole mind on improving his speed if he had to worry about winning a race. And so the cartel made the world safe for old swimmers. The new strokes which were introduced from time to time were kept under

strict control and progress was slowed down to maintain the dominance of the swimming teams who controlled the cartel.

Of course, this is not the history of competitive swimming, but it *is* the history of large industry in the twenty-five years between our two wars. Fluorescent lighting, for instance, can probably save the consumer one-third of his present bill. But for years, the cartel had used every effort to keep it from consumers until (1) they had complete control of the new processes and (2) they could get their money out of the obsolete method. Public utilities have joined in such plans in order to stabilize their own business. As another example, thirty-four million people in this country need spectacles, yet they cannot buy them at present prices of twelve to twenty dollars a pair. Those prices are maintained by control of a distribution system through patent pools recently attacked by the Department of Justice. The method is simple. Those who are willing to distribute spectacles on an efficient mass production basis are called chisellers and enemies of the public health. They are prevented from getting lenses.

The patents used by cartels to dominate the market have in most

¹ The record of the Patent Hearings are replete with concrete examples of just such domestic and international arrangements. — T. A.

cases been shaky or worthless patents. As an example, I quote the reply of a great industrial leader to a naïve inquiry from one of his staff, asking why the company continued to pay royalties on worthless patents:

A great many of the patents that we are operating under are very weak and if we wished to, we could break them ourselves and not pay royalties, but good business judgment, I believe, justifies the idea of paying royalties even on weak patents in order to maintain a price control picture that is helpful.

Take a brief glance at the cartel in rubber. In 1926, Standard Oil of New Jersey, afraid of competition from synthetic gasoline, set out to get world control of its production through control of patents. The German dye trust wanted control of synthetic rubber also by the control of patents. Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Germans formed an international cartel and pooled the principal patents. In the gasoline field Standard controlled; in the chemical field, which included rubber, the German Dye Trust controlled. What was the result in the case of a single product like buna rubber? Today we know how desperately such rubber is needed; but we also know that under the former type of cartel control buna rubber was made a high

cost specialty. On February 1, 1940, after the war emergency was fully realized, a document from the files of Standard Oil reads as follows:

A high royalty rate (7.5 cents lb.) is fixed so as to make the operation practical for the rubber company only so long as the product is used as a relatively high cost specialty.

You cannot control prices unless you restrict production. You cannot restrict production without depriving a nation of wealth in peace, and of strength in war.

III

We are on the verge of a new industrial age. Transportation is going to be more abundant; fuel will be cheaper; airplanes, trains and automobiles will be lighter and stronger; drugs and medical supplies will be more plentiful; chemical substitutes will replace expensive clothing and expensive housing. The average American consumer will have more money to pay for food; meat will again be a daily article on everyone's diet. Farmers' products will be exchanged for the products of industry. But all this is subject to one qualification — domestic and international cartels must not be permitted again to restrict production and destroy the value of the consumer's dollar in

the exchange between the products of the farm and the products of industry.

Anti-trust enforcement is not aimed at big business; it is aimed at the destruction of cartel management of big business. The protection of a big business which owes its size to efficiency and not to restrictive agreements or patent pools is important in the defense of the rights of the humblest citizen.

What the man on the street does not realize is that cartel management has victimized big business, restricted its production, sapped the efficiency of its research men, its technicians and its managers. Henry Ford, for example, has had to make his car out of steel. Magnesium and aluminum are lighter than steel. Magnesium is one-third lighter than aluminum. One pound will do the work of one and one-half pounds of aluminum and five pounds of copper. This lightness does not interfere with its strength. It can be cast and forged more easily than aluminum. Its welding properties are better. Yet an illegal combination held the production of magnesium down so that it never exceeded six thousand tons a year, kept its price above aluminum so that it would not compete, and prevented the development of a lighter car.

Ford has been experimenting with a car made of plastics. Window glass also can be made of plastics. The plastics industry, however, has been subject to the same kind of monopoly control and thus has victimized our great manufacturers by depriving them of this cheaper material at lower prices. There are not so many big businesses in housing, but there should be. Houses should be turned out like automobiles, now that science has given us prefabricated materials. But combinations in the housing industry have kept big business efficiency out in order to maintain obsolete methods; labor has added its share toward maintaining these restrictions. There is a new product called hardboard which can be used for walls, and even pressed into such a form as to be substituted for bathroom tiles. By reason of a combination of private groups, there is only one hardboard manufacturer in the United States today though we are desperately short of this material.

To cartel management of big business we owe some of our present shortages in transportation and basic materials. There is a deadly parallel between the degree of concentration of industry and the acute shortages of raw materials today. Aluminum, copper and steel

have been the most closely controlled metals in the past. They are first on the list of shortages announced by the War Production Board to date. In the textile industry, there are uncounted thousands of small producers and manufacturers and there are few shortages. In the food industry, millions are engaged in production; there are no shortages except in those articles where the processing has been tightly controlled by a small ring — canned goods, meats, fats and oils.

Consider transportation, an industry dominated by a small group. After the war broke out in Europe, we announced our intention of becoming the arsenal of democracy, and discovered we had only 365 commercial planes. We were carrying less air freight than South America. The development of competitive transportation had been stifled to preserve the railroads' position. An exclusive contract between the Railway Express Agency (a wholly owned railroad subsidiary) and twenty-three domestic airlines provided that no air express rate could be less than twice the rate charged on the railroads. Actually, the air rates were held at five to seven times railroad rates. Another provision of the contract gave exclusive control of all cargo

on the domestic airlines of the United States to the Railway Express Agency. Grover Loening, Technical Consultant of the War Production Board, declared:

This monopolistic contract exerted a very great influence in retarding the development of air cargo carrying in the United States so that we find ourselves today in this war emergency having to make literally frantic efforts to catch up to a position that we could have well had many years ago had this branch of the air transport industry been free and open to competitive development.

Was this development suppressed out of evil motives? Not at all. It was suppressed because of the belief in an economy of scarcity to keep up capital values which depended upon obsolete methods. The vast railroad investment was jeopardized by truck transportation, by air transportation, by waterways. Today, the railroads are planning a cartelization of transportation by which they control competing forms of transportation in order to protect these obsolete capital values. Major Reuben Hollis Fleet, founder of Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, has said:

Picture an air trip across the United States in one of these large aircraft. The fare, \$50 (one-third of the present cost of an airplane transcontinental flight); capacity of the airplane on each trip, four hundred persons, 75 per cent

of the seats occupied with pay-passengers; nonstop flight to New York from Los Angeles, ten to twelve hours; gross revenue for each one-way trip, \$15,000; each airplane making twenty-four one-way trips a month; monthly gross revenue of each airplane, \$360,000; the annual gross would exceed \$4,000,000. Our Government could well afford to build and lease these airplanes to our established airlines, domestic and foreign, with an expropriation provision to take them over if and when needed for instant use against an aggressor or a breaker of the peace.

The West and South have been colonies of the industrial East, and for years, the airplane, operating on publicly-owned airports, and the truck, operating on publicly-owned roads, offered them liberation. Only the cartel ideal stood in the way.

No attempt was made in the Versailles Treaty to preserve the great foundation of industrial democracy — the right to produce. Consequently, Europe became organized in a hierarchy of cartels. High cost and low turnover was the dominant principle of international business. The cartel movement in Germany, encouraged by law, created a situation in which agricultural products, though scarce, sold at ruinously low prices. The products of German industry were knocking at the gates of the world, but they could not be exchanged

for the products of the farm within the borders of the German empire. Finally, businessmen threw up their hands and agreed to complete government control. They wanted a nice dictator; they got the kind of a dictator who always arises when democracy has failed. They got Hitler.

When Hitler came to power, he found the cartelized society of the democracy a ready instrument for economic aggression. He assisted and encouraged the monopolists in democratic countries to restrict their own production while he was expanding production in Germany, playing on their fear of surplus production — on their desire to hold up their prices and stabilize their control. For example, through the use of cartel agreements, Hitler doubled and tripled production of aluminum and magnesium while the democracies stood still, and he operated similarly through a long list of basic materials.

Now, with victory in sight, the cartels are preparing to pick up their old arrangements. At a recent meeting, I had a long discussion with one of the leaders of a European cartel who was trying to persuade me that only by preserving the dominance of that cartel and others like it could stability be achieved after the war. He was

interested in talking to me because he and his American associates in the cartel had been indicted under the anti-trust laws. These laws stood in the way of their future plans. He asserted quite sincerely that the economy of the future required international meetings of business managers who would give every nation their quota in foreign markets, who would have the power to stop production the moment it got too high. He said that efficiency would be promoted only in that way.

These exponents of special privilege feel that the safety of the world depends on the perpetuation of their special privileges. They do not wish anyone to go into business unless he has passed an examination conducted by this small class. The great majority of men responsible for business production — the technicians, the salesmen, the plant managers, indeed, everyone connected with the actual turning of the wheels — is interested in doing the best job of which machinery is capable. But a powerful minority, the aristocrats of cartel bureaucracy, has been manipulating corporate privileges, legislative privileges and patent privileges to

prevent the economies of mass production from benefiting consumers; they have sought to stabilize prices, to restrict production in their own enterprises and to prevent new production by new enterprises. In effect they have been sabotaging production.

These men cannot have their way if the public is aware of the problem. But if the public is asleep, they may be able to get control of the vast new production created by the war and turn our peace into a morass of technological unemployment caused by restricted production.

A society that restricts production cannot pay for social security. Reciprocal trade treaties will not be effective if our foreign economic policy is secretly controlled by private groups.

If we preserve the fifth freedom — the right to produce — the other freedoms will be easy to maintain. If we let that freedom slip away because we are too lazy or too timid to break down the cartel system, we will have traded the greatest economic opportunity of this century for a mess of industrial pottage which no real democracy can digest.



► *Paul Bunyan's men of 1943
are a different breed.*

LUMBERJACKS' SATURDAY NIGHT

BY STEWART HOLBROOK

A WAN December sun struggled briefly against the heavy clouds, then gave up, and the winter gloom of the Pacific Northwest settled down to bring night at four o'clock. All along the single street, the pavement began to gleam in the rain as one by one the neon signs came on in the score of false-front hotels, restaurants, stores and beer joints. Sifting through the leaky sides of the joints came the music of juke boxes, played by slugs furnished by the proprietors themselves, for Saturday night was coming to Chokertown and it has long been an axiom here that the joint with the most light and the most noise gets the business.

"Business" in Chokertown means loggers, lumberjacks. Less than half a mile from the High-Lead Hotel, in the center of town, begins the vast forest that runs almost uninterrupted for a hundred miles west to the Pacific shore and fifty miles east to the top of the high Cascade Range. It is a tremendous forest and here in the rain belt it is growing fast enough, so many foresters

say, to keep Chokertown's loggers busy until the Round River freezes solid and alcohol and snuff drip copiously out of hemlock bark.

There, in an opening of this forest, stands Chokertown, already fifty years a lumber town but now getting a new lease on life as a place of entertainment also, a blow-in town, a whoopee place for lumberjacks.

Tire and gas rationing is what has brought Chokertown its new night life. It is really a revival, for, quarter of a century ago, Chokertown made lumber and also served as a place for loggers to blow her in. Then came the automobile and the good roads. Roads led right up to camp doors in the tall timber. No longer had a lumberjack to toil for six months without going to town to get his teeth fixed — as it is euphemistically termed. He could go to town every night in the week, if he wanted to. And he did. He spent a little but not much money, and returned to camp the same night. But this new-style lumberjack seldom went to Chokertown at all; he

lit out for Seattle, for Aberdeen, for Bellingham — the Big Towns. So, small Chokertown kept on sawing the logs into lumber and lived a rather staid life. The great whoopee days had gone, never to return — or so most people thought — even though Chokertown's mills produced millions of feet of lumber every year.

Then, in 1940, began a demand for lumber the like of which had never been seen — lumber for cantonments, for hangars, for ships, lumber without end. Pearl Harbor set loose a new and greater demand which continues unabated. Prices hit the ceiling and so, finally, did wages in the woods.

Along came the tire menace. At first the loggers, like other folks, gave it little thought; but as old tires gave out, the logger found he would have to stay in camp nights, or walk — usually a matter of from twenty to forty miles. So the jacks stayed in camp, listening fitfully to the radio, or boredly to oldtimers who liked to do some stove-logging. The younger jacks soon tired of such doings, for they were not accustomed to six months solid of camp life, or even six weeks of camp life, without a break. They pooled the surviving travel equipment — a couple of tires here, a couple more there, and a car — and

ganged up for a trip to town on Saturday night. In many cases, it was not too difficult to persuade the bull of the woods, the logging boss, to run a train to town right after Saturday's whistle.

Look out, Chokertown, here we come!

So, last Saturday night, just as it has done on many Saturdays recently, the Two-Spot coupled up a mulligan car and a caboose at Camp Six of the Dosewallops Logging Company. The lokey's whistle let go a blast, and inside of two minutes, one hundred and forty loggers piled aboard. The Two-Spot's bell rang and she started with the train for Chokertown, twenty miles away.

We're the blue-eyed, bandy-legged hump-backed old mackinaw hodags from Dosewallops!

Down, down the mountain, across high trestles, over dizzy canyons rolled the two carloads of lumber-jacks, while the Two-Spot moaned and chugged, letting go a blast on the curves. Inside the swaying, bounding cars, young loggers shouted pleasant obscenities to each other. The lokey rattled on.

Look out, Chokertown, here we come! Eighty feet to the nearest limb and six foot through at the butt!

The Two-Spot's bell began to ring. The whistle sounded. The train crossed a switch with a clatter

and ground to a stop at the log dump beside the river and less than twenty yards from the main street. Under blinking lights, the boys from the woods could see some of their handiwork — the log pond of the big sawmill filled with sticks, big ones, the stuff they had felled and bucked and sent to the saws. Under the lights, the pond men were still working, feeding the huge logs to the bull-chain that took them up the curved slip and on to the whining bandsaws. Mills can work all night. Loggers can't.

II

In half an hour Chokertown was alive. I went to the High-Lead first and found the bar lined two deep, all drinking beer, the only drink served. The overflow stamped into Joe's Tavern and the Logger's Rest, two other beer places. A few of the more serious drinkers did not stop at all until they got to the State liquor store, where the State of Washington purveys hard stuff at rather high prices.

"No Liquor to be Consumed on the Premises," says a sign.

"Who the hell wants to?" It was Dan Peters, a tall and rugged hook-tender from Dosewalllops. With two pints of rye in his tin coat and two chokerman pals similarly rigged,

the three headed direct for The Stockholm.

The Stockholm is not the fanciest place in town, but it has that something about it which attracts young and older loggers who take their fun as seriously as their work. Its modest neon sign, looking so modern and new against the false-front of weatherbeaten boards, says simply that this is "The Stockholm, Good Food, Beer, Rooms." Inside, too, The Stockholm is a mixture of periods. It is one great room with a bar down one side, booths on another, food counter at the rear. In the exact center is a gigantic barrel stove, its pipe running nearly ten feet to the high ceiling, then ranging thirty feet through haywire loops to the rear wall. The floor between stove and lunch counter is broken only by one of the biggest and gaudiest juke boxes ever to come out of Chicago. It is lighted like Borealis and it fairly gleams and leers.

Above the bar, and hiking back to five-cent-beer days, is the conventional moth-eaten deer's head. Back of the bar stands Gus himself, the only bartender left in Chokertown with an indubitable walrus moustache. The bar gleams from polish. The glasses are piled in intricate patterns. A small framed sign contains a one-dollar bill and a his-

toric notation: "First Dollar Taken Over This Bar, August 22, 1899."

"Hallo, falers" Gus greeted the arrivals. The booths already were filled with loggers, loggers and girls, guzzling beer or beer spiked with rye. The juke was hitting "Somebody Else is Taking My Place," loud enough to be heard above the alcoholic laughter. Half a dozen couples were on the floor. Not a mackinaw on the men, but all in conventional city clothes. Dan the hooktender and his pals sat down in a booth where four half-consumed glasses of beer still sat on the table. Just then, the juke ceased for a moment and two couples came to the booth. And right here marked, better than anything else could, the change that has come over lumberjacks. The two couples were strangers to Dan and his pals. They had obviously been occupying the booth. But no roughhouse ensued.

"Guess we took your booth," Dan said, starting to rise. "Sorry."

"That's all right," one of the strangers spoke up. "We can all squeeze in." They did, too. The boys from Camp Six spiked everybody's beer. Turned out the other two lads were gyppo spruce loggers from the opposite side of the river. In a little while everything was rosy. Dan danced with one of the girls, and later took her upstairs

to look at the stars. One of the gyppo loggers passed out and slid under the table, very quietly. Booze and bawds, maybe, but not battle. The lumberjacks' trinity has lost its third angle.

Over at the High-Lead, loggers still lined the bar and filled the booths, they and their girls. The juke box blared endlessly. I watched while men slid under tables, girls screamed beery laughter, or wept into their glasses; and one old batleaxe with a deep bourbon contralto stood up by the juke and sang "Good-bye, Little Darlin'" in a true and musical if husky voice, while a rigging slinger from Hamma Hamma, way to hell and gone over the other side of the hump, wept great tears and told me his girl didn't love him any more.

The odd thing is that nobody hit anybody. Nobody threw a beer bottle. And those who might have looked closely at the husky contralto's hands could have seen callouses on them. For eight hours that day she had been pulling lumber — boards to you — off the green chain in the mill across the river. She is but one of hundreds of women who are lumberjacks for the duration, helping lumber go to war and doing a swell job of it. They laugh at the WAACs and WAVEs, these Pauline Bunyans. And now

a likely-looking lad rushed over to the big contralto and filled her glass with whiskey. She broke into her own song without benefit of the juke music:

*I'm a tearing old stiff full of slivers
of Sitka,*

*And I'm packing the wallop that's
goin' to beat Hit-la.*

"Amen, sister, and pass the ammunition."

"Hold her, cutie, and watch that rigging."

The juke blared again and the dancers cavorted. The High-Lead was shaking and shivering in every one of its old boards and timbers. The proprietor told me it was going to be a one-thousand-dollar evening, with no breakage except for possibly a few beer glasses.

"No, sir," he told me, "loggers don't live in trees any more and they won't necessarily eat hay if you sprinkle whiskey on it."

In the Red Front Department Store across the street, a young rigging man from Camp Six was ordering a copy of *Trees and Forests of the Western United States*, by Hanzlik, a standard work on forests. In another section of the same store ("We Sell Everything") a high-climber from Hemlock Bay was buying a whole list of stuff — for his wife back in camp; thread

and didies and a cord for the electric flatiron and such domestic things.

Mac's Barber Shop (four chairs) had a waiting line and many of the boys were getting the works — shampoo and all — while a Filipino lad shined their shoes, just as though they were city slickers. The talk in the shop, I noted, was not about women and automobiles, but about log production and war: Was hemlock airplane grade as good for making planes as Sitka spruce or Douglas fir? Well, Uncle Sam was taking hemlock for airplane grade and so was Great Britain. . . . What did this job-freezing business mean? It meant that a logger was a logger, by God, and not a damned mechanic in some factory.

Across from the barber shop I could see the windows and sign of Painless Prentice, the chain dentists. Four patients were in the chairs. This was the ultimate, the incredible — loggers coming to town to "get their teeth fixed" and actually going to a dentist! It almost passed belief.

One block away, down on the river bank, a row of three shacks represented all that was left of Chokertown's one-time full two blocks of cribs. In 1920, the cribs here numbered at least a score and they housed, so oldtimers say,

sixty women. Tonight, half a dozen women would entertain perhaps as many as twenty loggers, possibly thirty. This doesn't mean that morals have changed, for they never change. It means that many of today's loggers have wives, either in camp or in town.

III

I went back to my room at the High-Lead and there, over a few drinks, talked with a forester who had once been a lumberjack. Now he had charge of a forty-acre tree nursery owned and operated by a group of logging concerns.

"So loggers themselves are planting trees in these incredible times?" I asked.

"We'll plant about eight million this winter," he said matter-of-factly. "Beginning next season, about ten million a year. We raise them from seed at the Nisqually nursery."

"Did I understand correctly?" I asked. "Did you say that this nursery is owned and run by the logging operators themselves, the lumbermen?"

"That's right. And we can raise enough trees at Nisqually to plant every burned-over acre in Oregon and Washington. What is more, we *are* planting them."

I reflected on the late and terrific Jigger Jones, the old woods boss who swore that he wouldn't leave a tree standing between Bangor and Seattle, nor a virgin anywhere. The times were changing even more than I had thought.

At five minutes to midnight, the Two-Spot blew a blast and I went over to the siding to see how the boys had been making out. Perhaps a score of them showed signs of alcohol—in mild doses. Two were indisputably drunk, but moving under their own power. One was drunk *and* had a black eye. Only eight were missing and five of these were married men with wives in town. . . . In my days in the woods, I recalled, the only ones who would have been ready to return to camp at midnight would have been those who were carried. I watched the boys climb aboard. The bell rang and away went the hell-roarers of Camp Six, back to the timber.

One by one, the lights went out along Chokertown's main drag until only the High-Lead showed in the dark. I went in and talked with old Bill, the night clerk and chef, about lumberjacks old and new. "No," he said, "they don't kick out windows any more. But one'll kick hell out of more timber than the two of his grandpappies could."

They're highball these days. Don't spend so much money in town. Nowhere near. Never throw money away, like it used to be. These boys going to get their money's worth. Hardly ever get to fighting. Jes' like to drink some beer, to dance them jitter things, play pinball machines."

I asked Bill if the young loggers were different in any other ways from the oldtimers. He eyed me a moment, then spoke slowly and I thought sadly. "Well," he said, "they wear rayon underwear."

"That all?"

Bill turned his bloodhound's sad eyes on me. "No," he said, then lowered his voice as one does in

speaking of some terrible infirmity. "They smoke cigarets and use talcum powder after they shave."

I went up to bed. Chokertown had gone to bed, too; that is, all except for the sawmill. I could hear the faint whine of its saws through the rainy night, and down on the pond, I could see men poling logs to the ever-hungry slip, logs that might fly in a British plane over Africa, logs that might become part of a PT boat in the South Seas. Four miles up the mountain, the Two-Spot sounded a last moan on her whistle as she headed up a ravine, carrying the boys who are better loggers and far shrewder playboys than their fathers were.



"How do you spell Eisenhower?"

DEATH OF AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

OVER the Berlin radio a German submarine officer told the tale of hunting and torpedoing an aircraft carrier. In London, weeks later, a British naval officer told the same tale. Both officers had been present — the German in the submarine that fired the torpedoes, the Englishman on the doomed carrier, the *Eagle*. Their oddly parallel accounts give this drama of the sea war a living, three-dimensional quality. In addition, they reveal the morbid fatalism of the Teuton even in victory, the forthright confidence of the Anglo-Saxon even in defeat. I have let the two officers tell their parallel stories in their own words, as recorded from broadcasts, merely interweaving them to carry out the parallel chronologically. The German's version of the events are in italics. — W. B.

To a sea-going man it was a wonderful sight — a real battle force all painted up and moving out to action. Up ahead was the *Nelson*, ploughing along as though she owned the whole ruddy sea. She was our flagship and the Admiral was on her. There were cruisers riding the swell like queens, and shoals of destroyers that snipped about and poked their noses into everybody's business. Our ship was the aircraft carrier *Eagle*. She wasn't any beauty, mark you, and she was old and had no graces. But she was as fine a ship as ever sailed any sea. "Eyes of the Fleet," they called

us. Inside the escort, camouflaged cargo vessels and tankers wallowed deep in the water. We had a service on board as we left Gib., the usual kind of thing with a hymn or two. We sang "Abide With Me" and ended up with "God Save The King."

"Action Stations! Objective, Eagle!"

Death surrounded our German submarine as we started in to this incredibly daring attack. Death was also in the words of our Commander, Kapitänleutnant Rosenbaum, but in his steel-blue eyes and in the grim faces around him was life triumphant

over death. We were a single submarine, and as far as we knew, success or failure in our venture meant the same for us — eternal slumber at the bottom of the Mediterranean for boat and crew.

"Objective, Eagle!" How packed with meaning those words were! Finding the Eagle was no accident but the final link in the long chain of operational considerations about which I can't say more. They were considerations which entailed the almost certain sacrifice of our submarine but promised the greatest measure of success. Other submarines were involved, but the prize, the mammoth aircraft carrier Eagle, was to be ours. As our commander said to us, it was a "classic" maneuver, well planned in every detail, and success would add a new and particularly attractive page to our history.

Starting out on a Mediterranean convoy gives you the same feeling as when you're standing on the end of a high diving board trying to get up nerve enough to dive. You know that things are going to happen fast, but there is a thrill in it and you look forward to it. Although we've had Hell's own time getting some of our convoys through and many of our best lads have been left out there, there isn't a chap on any ship that wouldn't

swap his eyeteeth for a trip through to Alex.

The tension on board was almost unbearable. Our commander had his eye glued to the periscope and to the members of his crew his orders were like the starting pistol in a race. We waited poised, then leapt to obey. Suddenly he demanded a cognac, then another and still a third. Then we knew we were through the outer destroyer screen and in the midst of the convoy. The situation was perilous in the extreme, but a smile came over every face. The sea was practically quiet and a periscope sticking out of the water could be easily seen. There was also the possibility that a circling plane might discover us at any moment.

It was a fine day; there was a bit of a breeze, just enough to keep the air fresh, and the water and sky were as blue as a colleen's eyes. There was a gentle, rhythmic swell that you could see by sighting over the edge of the deck to the horizon and the engines were purring like a cage full of contented tigers. I was off duty and sitting in the shadow of a plane wing on the flight deck, writing to my wife. A few other chaps were taking a nap in the sun and one was playing something on a harmonica. It was one of those

moments when you'd rather be on a ship at sea than any place in the world. I had just written, "I wish our chaps in the desert could have a spot of this."

"Never saw so many British flags in my life," our commander said as he turned his periscope and looked at ships cruising slowly on all sides of him, but a German submarine officer doesn't let himself be disturbed by such a bountiful offer of targets. The temptation to shoot at the first vessel that came into range was strong and there was also the thought that our great objective might escape, in which case we should be empty-handed. But our brave commander held out his hand for another cognac and bided his time. I only saw him become excited once — when the Eagle, zig-zagging with the rest of the convoy, turned in our direction. "Sakrament!" he muttered to himself and his face seemed to inflate with blood. But he immediately took himself in hand and again became the mechanical German instrument of destruction. What marvelous calmness, what quiet tones as he gave his fast, clipped orders. Within the cramped body of our submarine, we could almost feel his heart beating and our own pounded in sympathy. It was the greatest moment in any of our lives and our thoughts turned to our Führer, who had paved

the way for us to this highest peak of gratification. Even when a British destroyer swept past less than eighty yards from us, no single hand faltered on any control, although the thrashing of the propellers caused a muffled rumble inside our vessel. Once, when a destroyer headed straight for us, Kapitänleutnant Rosenbaum gave a rapid order to submerge, but we soon had our nose back in the air. We had to penetrate a double screen of destroyers, an almost impossible task in broad daylight and through a calm sea. Would destiny reward our daring? Would Germany's faith in us be fulfilled?

Suddenly we were through the last screen and five hundred yards away was the gigantic Eagle. We had crept up on our quarry and the prize animal in all the forest was in our sights. "Stand by to fire," Kapitänleutnant Rosenbaum said in a voice tense with eagerness, but quiet and restrained. We knew what this meant. Victory was ours. Our torpedoes would stir the sea into mad action; destroyers and escort vessels would rush for us and depth charges would tear at our sides. We didn't consider the chances of surviving; they didn't seem to exist. But all this would come afterwards. When we went down, the Eagle would accompany us. Side by side we would seek the eternal depths, the hunter and

his prey. But there was no trace of regret or sorrow aboard. It is not terrifying but exhilarating to meet death on such terms. The time was 1:15 p.m.

Turning in her zigzagging course, the Eagle presented her entire broadside to us and then our torpedoes were fired, one, two, three, four. Those of us standing nearby watched our commander. Several seconds of almost unbearable strain; then his clinched hand slowly opened; blood flowed back into his white knuckles. That was all we needed to know. The detonations of the torpedoes as they struck shook every plate in our vessel; the lights flickered.

There was a flash, something jarred my spine and back teeth, and a great brown sheet of water, flame and smoke shot into the air at least a hundred feet. There had been no warning and I'd never experienced it before, but I knew it was a torpedo. In the next few seconds, there were three more jolts just like the first, and I was drenched in the water that came down on the deck. The ship began to heel over — slow and ponderous, like a whale when the first harpoon goes into it. She was old and four torpedoes were more than she could take. I wasn't very concerned about the ship at first, but I became alarmed when I saw the planes on

the sloping flight deck begin to skid towards the edge. I knew how hard they were to get and how upset everyone was when we lost one.

The ship, which had been so quiet, suddenly came to life. The crew was piped to action stations and orders were shouted fore and aft. I reached a telephone and tried to get through to the engine room to order the men up. I was repeating stupidly, "All men out!" and watching a great patch of foam and oil spread out from the side of the ship when a sailor saluted and said calmly, "Sorry, sir, but the power is off and the communication system is out of action."

The flight deck was by now on a steep angle and the planes, which had careened to the edge of it, were toppling into the sea. The first of the men from the boiler rooms appeared. They were covered with slippery fuel oil from head to foot and the moment they set foot on the sloping deck they skidded right off into the sea. Fortunately there was no fire, although I expected to see one start at any moment. Tons of oil were pouring out over the water and a spark would have ignited it. The heads of men swimming around in it looked like small black bubbles on an oily surface. They were so thickly coated with oil that hair

and faces could not be distinguished. The oily waste was washing at my feet and the chaps clinging to the opposite edge of the deck were perched high in the air.

Someone shouted and I looked up in time to see dozens of six-inch shells, each weighing over one hundred pounds, come rolling and tumbling down the deck. They had burst the brackets of their chambers. One was bounding towards a group of four sailors and I yelled a warning, but they didn't hear. It was like a strike in a skittle alley. The men sailed into the air like ninepins and fell overboard. I recognized one of them and encountered him later aboard a destroyer. He had a broken leg and hadn't known what struck him until I told him.

The death struggle of the mammoth lasted about two minutes and we heard it sinking — the nerve-shattering gasp of final agony that remains a vivid memory with anyone who has ever heard it, the breaking and crashing of partitions, the rattling of metal, and the dull rumble of exploding boilers. Then the corpse of the British aircraft carrier slid past our submarine into the perpetual darkness of the Mediterranean.

When it began to look as though

the old ship would capsize, I pushed off into the muck and made for a raft someone had managed to get overboard. It was like swimming through porridge and the oil fumes made me sick. Some chaps already clinging to the raft gave me a hand. There was a great rumbling and hissing of escaping air, and someone said, "She's going." I looked back and saw the *Eagle* settling into the water like an old hen getting down on her brood of chicks. I didn't see just how she went down because a great wave of oil rolled over us and by the time we had cleared our eyes and noses she was gone. All we could see was a great patch of boiling foam and dozens of broken aircraft wings.

We were dropping silently away from the Hell above us. How I should have liked to remain to witness the spectacle on the surface, to see the wild, sausage-grinding mêlée as British destroyers tore through the hundreds of seamen struggling in the water, and to watch Britishers being blown to pieces with British depth charges. Hundreds who did not go down with the ship undoubtedly met death in the churning propellers of their own escorting vessels.

No word was spoken on board; the faint swish of our propellers as we crept deeper and further away from

that scene of violent death sounded reassuring. Those of us close to our commander gripped his hand, sharing this proudest moment in a German seaman's life. Soon the depth charge explosions were far behind us. Then we let ourselves go; our shouts and laughter filled the confined space of our vessel to bursting. As each officer and seaman was relieved from his post, he filed past to shake the hand of our commander and hear his words of praise. Between late afternoon and twilight, we sent out the proud victory message and we knew that even as we pushed quietly through the Mediterranean, our Führer's thoughts dwelt upon us and a special communique telling of our deed was being broadcast to the German people.

A great stillness came over the sea and I suddenly felt lonesome. It had all happened in about three minutes — less time than it took to walk around the deck. And five minutes before, I had been wishing our chaps in the desert could have a spot of what I was enjoying. Off ahead, the tops of the other ships were visible. They had not stopped, for whatever happens, the convoy must go through. We got one chap who was injured on the raft, but the rest of us swam along, holding to ropes that were slippery with oil. I was beginning to calculate how

far it was back to Gib. and what our chances were of ever getting there when a destroyer appeared about a hundred yards away.

It came alongside and dropped ropes. "Easy, lads," a sailor in a tin hat shouted to us. "Plenty room for all. No queueing necessary." The ropes trailing in the sea became so oily that we couldn't get a grip on them, but ladders were lowered and sailors helped us aboard. It seemed a pity to mess up the clean decks and quarters of the destroyer, and before long, the sailors helping to scrape off the oil and get us washed clean looked as though they had also had to swim for it.

Off in the distance, depth charges were sending up great spouts of water as other destroyers hunted the submarine. "That German commander had guts," a destroyer officer said. "Just like that Prien fellow who went into Scapa Flow." I remembered meeting some German officers in the Far East before the war when one of their cruisers anchored beside us and the captain of our ship invited them aboard for tea. Clean-looking, quiet lot they were, anxious to make a good impression.

When our commander, Captain L. D. Mackintosh, came aboard, we all joined in a good old *Eagle* cheer, "Up the eagles!" Even the

chaps who were laid up with broken legs and crushed ribs managed to make a bit of noise. We weren't exactly what you'd call downhearted, but we did feel useless, cluttering up the decks and quarters of a destroyer that had vital work to do.

That evening we were in wonderful spirits. Our commander, who had been in the navy since 1933, recalled a previous meeting with the Eagle. He was a young cadet on the cruiser Köln when during one of its world tours they had encountered this proud vessel of the British fleet in a Chinese harbor and the captain invited the young German officers and men aboard. At that time, England's intentions seemed honorable. What a reunion! What a singular relationship between the man and the ship he sent to death! And all between 1933 and 1942, the years of Germany's rise and England's decline. Both nations might

have been companions, even friends. The Führer wanted it that way.

Gibraltar was silent when we returned and it was an odd feeling to stand on the dock and not see the old *Eagle* in her berth. We had always moved together, a compact little world of our own, and now we felt that our world was gone but we remained. When we lined up for an official count, there were 930 of us present, sixty-seven officers and 863 men. Our casualties had been very few.

The aircraft carrier Eagle is now nothing more than a name. To us Germans its end is symbolic — a proud British man-of-war struck down by the same young German who once stood admiringly on its deck. In black letters on the white wall above the breech blocks of our front torpedo tubes we painted the name "Eagle."



Memo from the Führer

BY ADOLF HITLER

EVERY war for the subjection or domination of an alien people sooner or later weakens the victor internally and eventually brings about his defeat.

— in Reichstag speech, May 21, 1935.

► Millions of "Judys" see life through the fan magazines.

VULTURES OF HOLLYWOOD

ANONYMOUS

MOVIES, as you know, are made to match the tastes, morals, prejudices and mental limitations of a nice old lady referred to around the studios (in awe or cynically, as the case may be) as Aunt Emma. Plots are pruned, dialogue is simplified, emotions are curbed to please this composite customer and the Hays office protects her sensibilities.

But unless you are in the business, you do not know her redoubtable niece, Judy, for whom some five and a half million movie fan magazines are printed monthly. An advertising outfit once made a study of fan publication customers. It found that they averaged up to a nineteen-year-old girl, with a year or so of high school to her credit, holding an office job below the level of stenographer, such as filing clerk or switchboard girl. She was christened Judy.

Judy believes that Clark Gable's escape into the Army is a great tragedy. She is more concerned with Victor Mature's love life than the current news from North Africa.

The private existence of the stars, rather than their work on the screen, is her chief interest. Her appetite for "inside dope" on the glamorous ones of Hollywood — gossip, scandal, emotional close-ups, shocking intimacies, love hints — is insatiable. She lives vicariously in a supercharged world, mostly invented by bored press agents, with its own synthetic romance, homey philosophy, and diluted sinfulness.

I am a fan magazine writer, one of the people who works for Judy, and we *are* a pathetic lot. Yes, some of us can write. We have occasionally made the better magazines of general circulation. But that only makes the majority of us more pathetic. For fan magazine writing is insidious. It is so simple, for the most part, that a dull high school boy could do it. The result is that we tend to take the easiest way: we manufacture drivel at so much a word.

There are about a hundred of us, roughly three-quarters of us women and the rest men, or at least people who wear trousers. Our "take" runs

from nothing to eight hundred a month, with perhaps half a dozen touching the top figure and a majority hovering at the zero level on a freelance basis. This in the Hollywood of six-figure incomes! But most of us find consolation, if not compensation, in pretending that we are part of an exciting movie world, in calling a few stars by their first names, and in having the run of the studios when at work on a story.

We who serve Judy have no illusions about the poor creature. We dish out gossip just short of slander and sticky romance in great big gobs, even if we have to make it out of the most unromantic ingredients. We attribute lowbrow profundities to actors who have never been within hailing distance of an idea. We glorify clothes horses, most of whom we despise and all of whom we envy. Now and then we may show a little human consideration for our stars, but never for one another. In the competition for scandal and "inside dope," it's bitch-eat-bitch and no holds barred. We pounce on every tragedy in Hollywood — a juicy divorce, the collapse of a career — like so many vultures. Sorrow is our meat and a malevolent glint comes to our eyes when we hear that someone with a box-office name is unhappy.

The few more successful ones among us have become what is called a "power" in Hollywood. They are invited to cocktail parties and treated with make-believe respect by the press agents. That sort of success, however, is not easily achieved. It takes years of plugging. Those of us who have at one time led a normal existence soon find ourselves soaked through and through in the phony emotions, tangled in the mixed-up "love lives" and confused by the moronic "opinions" with which we fill those five and a half million copies of fan magazines.

II

Miss X, who comes fairly near to being a "power," is a frumpy, oversized woman, her mannish hair in disorder, her massive features unspoiled by make-up. She is constantly in a state of such physical and emotional rush that her thick lips quiver when she talks. Like the omnivorous Judy, Miss X lives on a plane of perpetual titillation. She is unendingly shocked by what she hears, suspects — and invents.

She has never married, never let herself relax. In the interests of what she describes generously as her "writing," she has skipped everything that is fresh and sensi-

tive in life. To me, at least, she is dangerous, because she has the right to stuff the heads of nineteen-year-olds with her icy, bloodless ideas; because she can work off her frustrations in half-gloating, half-covetous pieces about the private sorrows of famous movie folk. For Miss X "anything is news." The unhappiness of Gable after the death of Carole Lombard. The sorrow of Anne Shirley when her marriage went wrong. The sorrow of Zorina when she lost an important part to Ingrid Bergman. She has no reticence and she assures her Judy that there are no corners of a star's life that may not be invaded and rummaged.

Miss Y is also in her forties — fat, soft-looking, less vulture-like in her news sense than Miss X, and humanly sweeter. But unfortunately, she is less intelligent than Miss X, and hence a menace to the reputations of those whom she interviews. The most sensible actor or actress is guaranteed to emerge as a deep-dyed fool once his thoughts are entrusted to her sweet ministrations. She makes them say things in print which they would not be caught dead saying in real life. Her *forte* is Homey Truths about Life conveyed through the medium of top-shelf stars who allegedly relish the simple virtues despite fame,

fortune and alluring opportunities for sin. In the end, they are *her* truths, put into *her* words, and that makes for tragedy, at least among those of her glamorous victims intelligent enough to be embarrassed.

Miss Z is a little woman with an amazing store of energy. She whips about day and night and really gets an extraordinary amount of work done. She is clever, this gal, and she writes well, as her "slick" magazine record attests. But she has been in and around Hollywood too long to be saved from its literary swamps.

Because she is aware of the nature of her profession — and doesn't kid herself about it — she is not too happy. But she goes about the business of blasting a reputation or pinning some half-wit philosophy on an innocent star as grimly and efficiently as a surgeon performing an amputation.

One man will suffice for this sampling of the fan magazine scribes. He is a delicate-looking male creature who just *loves* the theatre. Since there isn't any theatre to speak of in Hollywood, he just *loves* "the industry." He feels that in his way he is part of the movie universe, making and breaking careers, and he simply loves it, the dear fellow.

III

For a notion of the output of such people, glance through some titles:

WHY MY MARRIAGE ENDED
IN HEARTBREAK — A HOLLY-
WOOD BRIDE TELLS.

INTIMATE PAGES FROM LANA
TURNER'S DIARY.

HOW TO BRING OUT THE
CLARK GABLE IN ANY MAN.

HOW HEDY LAMARR SOLVES
HER LOVE PROBLEMS.

RUDY VALLEE'S LOVE QUEST.
SINNER WITH SEX APPEAL.

THE STORY CLARK GABLE
WOULDN'T TELL.

Here is a story labeled: "Do Ordinary Girls Have the Deepest Passions?" The answer is assigned to George Sanders. Now Sanders happens to be one of the really bright men in the movie capital. He is so sensible, in fact, that among fan writers he has acquired the reputation of being "difficult." This reputation rests in part on his refusal to answer sappy questions. But for once, presumably under press-agent pressure, he yielded and this is what was credited to him for Judy's dear sake:

Whether they realize it or not, the ordinary looking females have a great advantage over the glamorous ones. Beauty and glamor depend entirely on youth. After a certain age, a woman cannot be beautiful and glamorous, and

as she has nothing to fall back on, her life usually becomes a tragedy. Gone are the compliments that she once accepted so casually. She becomes just a dull, stupid, wretched woman. Naturally, she spent her youth concentrating on her face and figure, so she has never had the time to pay the slightest attention to her character. The ordinary looking female has spent much more time on her character than her face and she can grow old gracefully and not be faced with an empty life.

Poor George Sanders! Poor Judy!

In another fan book spread before me, Maureen O'Hara is alleged to be discoursing on a significant theme, namely, to wit, "The Stars Who Kiss Like Gentlemen." The ever-so-subtle implication, of course, is that the young lady has made a scientific study of the subject. I quote:

There is one almost fool-proof way of brushing them (the male wolves) off, however. "You bore me," I tell them. The few who indulge in this kind of pastime are so conceited, you see, that to be told they bore you stops them dead and cold. Their incredulity ices them.

Or I say, "You are a very bad lover, aren't you?" That is even more efficacious. For every woman knows that you can tell a man he is a failure in business, dresses like a stevedore, plays a deplorable game of golf or whatever. But tell him that he is inadequate as a lover and you have dealt him a mortal blow.

Typical of the sentimentality that rules Judy's make-believe Hol-

lywood is a passage such as this, by one of the more successful peephole gals; it's about Barbara Stanwyck and her husband, Robert Taylor:

And when her husband visits their close friends and neighbors, the Zeppo Marxes, he picks on a certain plum-colored easy chair, and there he sits. He has sat there so long and so often that his unruly hair left its tamed-down-with-lotion mark, a thunder-cloud smudge, straight across the back.

Of course, Mrs. Marx knows she could have the chair cleaned. She also knows that Mr. Taylor will return. Anyhow, when she has other guests she must enjoy watching their expressions as she points to the stain and says, "*That's* from Robert Taylor's head."

Shortly before the unpleasantness that landed him in the courts and the headlines, Errol Flynn was made to assert himself thus for Judy's benefit, in a fan tale titled "Why Men Are Fickle":

I discover that I have less and less a desire to hit the night spots, to mingle with my companions, and to do the harmless roistering I once did. I imagine I don't sound like myself. Maybe I'm not myself. I don't know.

Another routine lesson in the higher emotions is presented by one of my colleagues in a powerful piece under the flare head, "When I'm in Love — by Dorothy Lamour." The writer talks straight to Judy . . . no use beating around the bush:

How do your reactions compare with those of Dorothy Lamour, for instance? When she feels the symptoms sneaking up on her, it may be only a temporary affair or the real thing, but she knows it when Dan Cupid gets in there pitching.

"When I'm in love," she says, "I get that tea-kettle look. That's the tip-off." A tea-kettle look, she explains, is bright and shiny and bubbling. A moon-in-the-eye thing, entirely out of the workaday world.

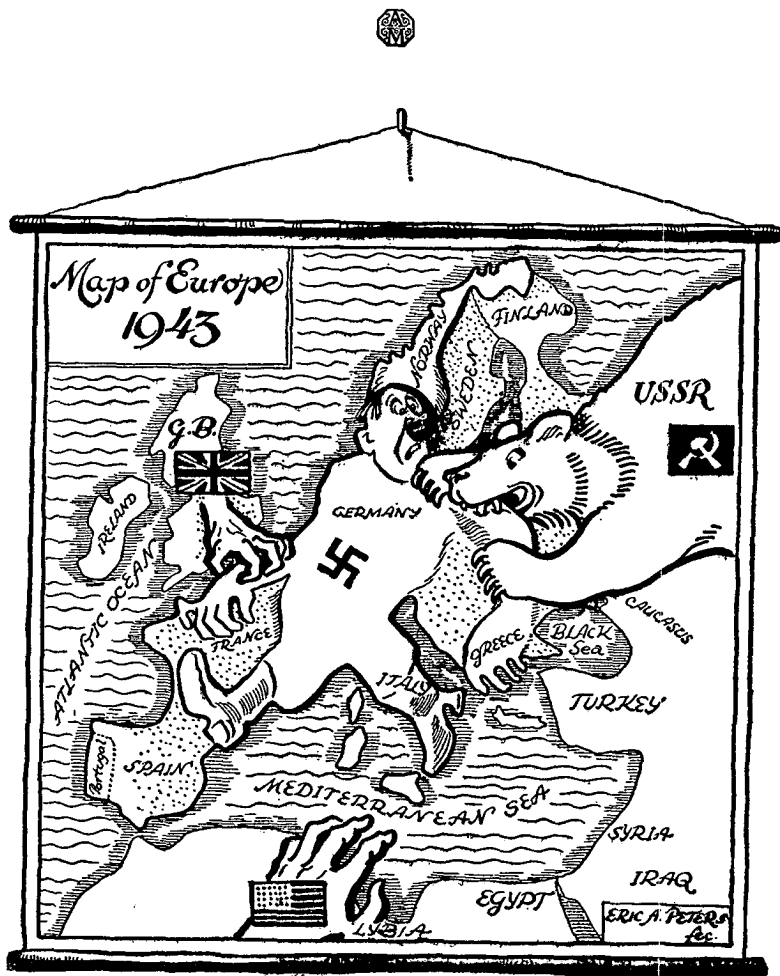
With that to go on, obviously, Judy can tell whether she is in love or not by one look in the mirror. Everything, in fact, is made easy for Judy. She is dowered with the wisdom drawn from the cumulative experience of Hollywood's money names — from thousands of events that didn't happen; from philosophies that were hatched at third-hand on typewriters; from imaginary dramas and synthetic moral conversions credited to real people.

When there is a real drama, the vultures fall to with unrestrained relish. Did Clark Gable's tragic loss inhibit them? Just read a sample:

. . . Clark stiffened. His face went a shade whiter. But his mind refused to believe what his ears heard. His brain was blocked at one point. There had been an accident, that was all they knew, that was all they knew. . . . The people around him were shadows. All his will was concentrated on getting to wherever Carole was . . .

Perhaps it happened like that. But who and what gives us the authority to use the scalpel on a stranger's most intimate feelings? We cannot stop to answer such

questions. After a while we no longer ask them. We merely stick our carbon-stained fingers into any private wound. Judy waits for a new sheaf of clinical reports.



NEW FACTS ON INFANTILE PARALYSIS

BY LAWRENCE C. SALTER

LAST year was epochal in the long fight against infantile paralysis. It saw general acceptance of a new and improved method of treatment, the Kenny method, and it was marked by the isolation of substances which may prove to be the pure form of the virus responsible for the disease. Finally, there was a growing recognition in 1942 that infantile paralysis may be acquired in much the same manner as typhoid fever.

The Kenny treatment, of course, was the most publicized development, yet there are still misconceptions about it. Contrary to some newspaper and magazine articles, massage is never used in the treatment, nor do all patients treated by the Kenny method recover. There may be true paralysis in patients in whom the disease is severe and the destruction of nerve cells complete. The nerves are dead and cannot transmit impulses to muscles. In such cases, no treatment is of any avail; the damage is permanent. Only surgery and mechanical

bracing can provide support and restore some degree of function. Miss Elizabeth Kenny, however, must be given great credit for teaching even severely paralyzed patients to make maximum use of what little nerve and muscle power is left.

In the Kenny treatment — and remember that the treatment is not a *cure* for infantile paralysis — the patient is put to bed immediately and the afflicted parts are wrapped in steaming, hot, woollen packs. Braces or splints are not used. The heat of the hot packs helps relieve the pain in the acute stages of the disease, and helps relieve the muscle spasm which frequently is the cause of the paralysis. These hot packs are changed constantly over sizeable periods of time — not hours, but days, weeks, even months.

Second stage of the treatment is gentle movement of the affected part: motion carried out delicately by a physiotherapist. This keeps the muscles in good working “tone”

so that they can take up their job when nerve function is restored later. Then the patient is taught to re-educate his muscles to carry out their tasks. At intervals, he is told to "think through" the motion of an arm or a leg. This stage of treatment merges into a final phase in which the attending physician or nurse creates the motion while the patient "thinks" it. Gradually, the damaged nerve pathways become restored and recovery of motion is attained.

A greater percentage of patients treated by the Kenny method recover than of those treated by older procedures. Last year, several laboratories undertook investigations to determine why this new method produced the results it did. Research is not yet complete, but already it has been discovered that some muscles are not really paralyzed in the sense that their nerves are destroyed. Actually, they are in spasm and nerve impulses still go to them, although no motion results. In these experimental cases, heat was applied to some of these muscles, as it is in the Kenny method. They recovered their ability to respond to nerve impulses in a normal way, while the untreated muscles still showed spasm several weeks afterward.

Other applications of the Kenny

method have been discovered. Only a few months ago, Major Vernon L. Hart, of the Army Medical Corps, reported that the disability resulting from such injuries as strains or fractures involving the internal structures of the knee joint could be greatly reduced by the Kenny treatment. Following an injury to a knee joint, Major Hart found, the three cardinal attributes in the stages of infantile paralysis which Miss Kenny recognizes and treats could be demonstrated, namely, muscle spasm, mental alienation of muscle (refusal to pull against a spastic opposite muscle), and lack of control over a formerly spastic muscle, even after spasm had been relieved. By using the Kenny method, Major Hart was able to shorten the original period of disability and provide far more satisfactory results than other forms of treatment.

Isolation of infantile paralysis virus in pure form will be a long step forward in the quest for a vaccine. Such isolation may be near. Late in 1942, E. Racker, of the University of Minnesota, reported that he had obtained a crystalline substance, the crystals of which were highly infectious in causing infantile paralysis, but he added that he was not yet certain whether the crystals were pure virus, or whether

the virus was sticking to them. A few weeks later, Jacques Bourdillon and Dan H. Moore, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, disclosed the isolation of a substance which they believe to be the virus, or something very close to it.

Evidence that infantile paralysis may be acquired in the same manner as typhoid fever continued to accumulate last year. This chain of evidence began in 1911, when the polio virus was found in material from the human colon. Late in 1939, the isolation of the virus from sewage was reported. Since then, the virus has been found in collections of flies made in the field during epidemics. However, the problem of preventing the spread of infantile paralysis through water contamination will not be as simple as it was for typhoid fever, inasmuch as water purification measures which kill the typhoid germ are not applicable to the polio virus, and investigations have not yet discovered a chemical effective against this disease which can also be used safely in water purification.

Those are the most recent developments. There are others, also the result of research sponsored by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and only a few

months older, which are still not widely known to the public. Here they are, briefly:

1. Dr. Alfred E. Fischer, from studies made during an epidemic of the disease in Ontario, Canada, discovered that a recent surgical removal of the tonsils definitely increases the danger of the development of infantile paralysis. Tonsillectomies are inadvisable during the polio season, and in the presence of epidemics.

2. Dr. Herbert E. Hipps and his associates have developed an operation which may improve the strength of selected muscles of polio victims which had failed to improve under regular treatment. They have found that sometimes, in muscles paralyzed by the disease, these muscles fail to work because they have bands of diseased tissue in them. The operation cuts out these bands, or else the surgeons weave strips of tendon from the bulky part of the muscle through the degenerated bands and sew these strips into good muscle bulk above and below the paralyzed muscle.

3. Drs. Samuel Kleinberg and Thomas Horowitz have found that an attack of infantile paralysis will not preclude a normal pregnancy and delivery of a normal child. They also say there is no evidence

of transmission of the disease from mother to offspring.

4. Dr. Sidney O. Levinson has reported investigations showing that fatigue and chilling during the incubation period of the disease may increase the severity of paralysis.

5. Dr. Albert Sabin has made further observations concerning the rôle of exercise in the development of paralysis. "The history of heavy exercise (playing ball, swimming, hiking, etc.) is very frequently given by patients with paralytic poliomyelitis," he says, "and a limited personal inquiry has revealed that the interval between this exercise and the onset of paralysis is usually less than twenty-four hours. This short interval suggests

not only that those individuals were already harboring the virus in their nervous systems, but also that it might already have involved their . . . brain and spinal cord and that the exercise could be the factor which converts what might have remained a non-paralytic type of poliomyelitis into the frankly paralytic type of the disease."

The best advice, then, is this: At least in epidemic areas, those persons who have fever, headaches, intestinal upsets, pain in the back and neck, and otherwise unexplained symptoms of acute sickness, should not only see a physician immediately, but also, under no circumstances, should indulge in heavy exercise.

A BOY READS POETRY

BY FRANCES FROST

THIS boy, whose dark and ruffled head is bent
above the glory of the singing page,
who rides with Arthur, valiant and intent,
into a tourney of another age;
this boy, whose dark and dreaming eyes stray out
beyond the warm room and the lamplight's gleam,
hearing the clash of lances and the shout,
where the great banners and the bright plumes stream —
this boy will never be a child again.
Gone is his past down an immortal wind.
He hears not now the quiet evening rain,
but storms the glamorous ramparts of the mind,
his childish games forgotten, who has seen
the deathless beauty of a sorrowing queen.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Gunpowder and Greasepaint

War and Peace. — Although we have no exact means of knowing, it is a pretty safe wager that the war plays currently being shown in Germany, Italy and maybe even Japan are not materially different from most of those being shown in America, England and Russia, and that the majority of them are just as bad. It is reasonable to assume that basically they are much the same, differing only in their points of view. Whereas our plays and those of our allies attest to the invincible spirit of the United Nations and the contemptible aspect of our enemies, the plays of the Germans, Italians and Japs unquestionably attest to the invincible spirit of the Axis nations and the contemptible aspect of ourselves.

This is readily understandable. The drama in times of peace, wherever you find it, consists largely in a people's self-criticism; in times of war it consists almost entirely in the criticism of other peoples. The drama of peace derogates its characters, or at least fills them with

doubts and hesitations; the drama of war, with negligible exception, flatters them and rids them of all such doubts and hesitations. In short, when peace is upon a nation we say things about ourselves which in time of war would be subversive and actionable — and which hence become the privilege of the enemy. Peace often makes dramatic cowards of heroes; war more often makes dramatic heroes of cowards.

It is easy to think of the Axis equivalents of many of the war plays that have been shown locally. Change the names of Mrs. Parrilow, Cliff Parrilow and Sir Leo Alvers to Frau Pachner, Kurt Pachner and Herr Doktor Leo Alpers; instead of London lay the scene in Cologne; and it doesn't take much imagination to see how, with a few other minor alterations, *The Morning Star* might become *Der Morgenstern* and portray the firm resolution of a German family under a British bombing raid. So, too, in a better play turn the Neil West family into the Niccolo Vespuccis, the Feller heroine into

Filelfo, alter the scene from an American farming district to an Italian, and make other slight changes in the text, and you would have an Italian counterpart of *The Eve of St. Mark*: the young boy going forth to war, his leave of his sweetheart, his experiences in camp, his eventual heroic death not in the fever-ridden Philippines but in fever-ridden Libya, his brothers sent by his family to follow in his footsteps, doubtless in their phrase also to make the world a safe place to live in — and all with intermittent appropriate sarcasms directed at us and our allies.

The recent Simonov melodrama, *The Russian People*, calls for even less stretch of the imagination. An account of the Russians' indomitable bravery in battle with the Nazis, it is the easiest thing in the world to picture the Nazi paraphrase: the determination to crush the accursed enemy, the tremendous self-sacrifice to that end, the ignominy of the foe, the pursuit of a high ideal, etc. For every nation in war convinces itself, at least until the conviction is thoroughly beaten out of it, and sometimes even then, that it alone is in the right, that it alone is truly heroic, and that its enemies are a pack of rats.

That these Axis war plays would

be and undoubtedly are quite as poor as the majority of our own and our allies' plays — and in most cases, from our philosophical point of view, a damned sight worse and certainly more objectionable — needs little argument. But that most of our United Nations' plays, for all their exalted and highly appealing sentiments, must suffer our own honest critical barbs no less, needs argument no more extended. This *The Russian People*, edited by Clifford Odets, is a case in point. For all its deservedly eloquent thematic testimonial to our gallant Slav brothers in arms, it amounts in strict appraisal to mere obvious, stencilled melodrama, as unimaginative in its dramatic devices as it is unimaginative in literary execution, and as cheaply hokum in the pursuit of its effects as such lesser distillations of the 10-20-30 dramaturgical moonshiners of our native youth as the *The Boy Behind the Gun* of Charles E. Blaney.

* * *

The Letters. — One of the favorite theoretical spontaneous combustibles of playwriting, good and bad, but usually bad, is the reading by one character to another of a letter of sentimental and affecting essence. The business flourishes in peacetime plays as in wartime, but especially in the latter, wherein it

is by the nature of things made-to-order: the letter from the boy going into action, the letter from the husband killed in battle, etc. Once in a great while some playwright like Anderson, in *The Eve of St. Mark*, contrives to get the desired audience reaction with such a letter written simply and without too much wistful embroidery. And once in a while lesser playwrights like the authors of *Letters To Lucerne* manage the reaction moderately well. But more often the letters, whether in war or peace plays generally ending with "But know that whatever happens I shall love you always" — the kind vouchsafed by the Terence Rattigans in the claptrap *Flare Paths* — so send up their moist signals in advance that the hoped-for effect dies before the envelope is opened.

* * *

Jack In The Box-office. — If the class in economics will now kindly come to attention, I shall deliver a brief lecture on "How To Lose Money In The Theatre With Your Hands Tied Behind Your Back," or "There's One Born Every Other Monday."

Gentlemen, Scholars, and Theatrical Producers:

The first requirement for the instantaneous losing of your shirt is by hook or crook to get hold of

some play like Milton Lazarus' *The Sun Field* or John Patrick's *The Willow and I. Regardez!*

It is an idiosyncrasy of the American theatre that the national sport becomes the national bore immediately it is moved indoors. While all kinds of plays dealing with relatively less popular sports have succeeded, there is no record of a play dealing directly with baseball that has. From the now remote day of Rida Johnson Young's and Christy Mathewson's *The Girl and the Pennant* to Ring Lardner's *Elmer the Great* and from last season's *The Life of Reilly* to this season's *The Sun Field*, all such exhibits have either closed overnight or at best have achieved only meagre runs. Football plays like *The College Widow*, *Strongheart* and such have made all kinds of money. Prize-fight plays like *Is Zat So?*, *Golden Boy* and such have also prospered. And so have horse-racing plays all the way from *In Old Kentucky* and *The Whip* of the long ago to the more recent *Three Men On a Horse*. But aside from *Brother Rat* which, while it touched in a measure on baseball, can not be considered strictly a baseball play, there has been no bat and ball affair that has interested theatre audiences sufficiently to turn its producer a profit. Why this should

be so is rather puzzling, since some of the plays haven't been any worse than some of the plays about football, prize-fighting and racing that have succeeded.

The Sun Field, however, could hardly hope to succeed even if it dealt with one of these other sports, since its plot scheme would discourage even the most rabid fan in any direction, having to do once again after all these decades with the high-born, educated young woman who succumbs to the physical attraction of a dumb man of muscle and who subsequently finds as much difficulty in adjusting herself to the situation as the meatball himself. Make the baseball aphrodisiac, as in this case, a young husky with communist sympathies as in John Howard Lawson's *Gentlewoman*, or a brawny lackey as in Strindberg's *Countess Julie*, or a bruiser as in Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession* and, if you can write only one-fifth so well as Lawson and not one ten-thousandth so well as Strindberg or Shaw, you invariably get the Lazarus result. And add further the kind of obsolete humor which consists in a woman encountering a man clad only in shorts and exclaiming, "Now I know everything!" along with the kind that brings down a curtain on the crack about marriage being like

buying a cow when you already have all the milk you want, and you may as well call up the storehouse service instantler.

And now just a moment, gentlemen, until I wet my whistle before continuing. (*Wetting whistle.*)

Mr. Patrick, the author of *The Willow and I*, is an elementary playwright in more senses than one: not only does he write in school copy-book terms, but he relies upon climate to further his dramaturgy. The elements seem to be as necessary to the pursuit of his art as beds to an erst Palais Royal playwright or, indeed, to an ambitious Palais Royal actress. In the two exhibits he has thus far vouchsafed us there are enough climatic phenomena to satisfy even the most particular customers of those old pleasure park rides known variously as *The Mysterious Grotto*, *Through the Inferno*, and *Cave of the Witches*.

In his first dispensation, *Hell Freezes Over*, the action, laid near the South Pole, was orchestrated to so much howling wind that one could at times hardly hear what the actors were saying — and no complaint from me. In addition to the wind, which blew audiences completely out of the theatre after a few nights, there was sufficient snow and ice to suffice the purposes

of two dozen *Way Down East* companies, and such zero atmosphere throughout that the gesticulations of the actors in pretending to keep warm took on the aspect of a mass meeting of Zionists. In *The Willow and I* it is thunder, lightning, rain and hail. One hasn't heard such a racket in a theatre since the 1907 days of *The Shulamite* when in the last act Lena Ashwell, apparently confusing her backyard with the Lounge of the old Waldorf-Astoria, ruminated placidly and without a hat, coat or shawl on amidst such an electrical simoon as even Langdon McCormick in his prime never thought up.

Treating of a young woman who goes insane on her wedding day after a death struggle with a sister who covets the bridegroom, Mr. Patrick calls in the aforementioned elements to accompany his heroine's prolonged effort to recapture her reason. For time on end the poor creature, now disclosed as an old woman, is made to stand or sit near a window grappling with the elusive past, whilst the heavy rumble and roll of thunder drums, the flash and crack of lightning flares, the squirting of the rain hose and the rattle of the hail beans play an obbligate to her silent agonies. In the end a boom of thunder and a

bolt of lightning loud enough to scare the wits out of George Jessel playing in the Broadhurst Theatre down in Forty-fourth street somehow contrive to scare the wits back into her. It's yours for a nickel, speaking of economics.

As an interesting dramatic psychiatrist, Mr. Patrick would seem to be something less than a Pirandello. Or, to get down to more suitable tacks, the confector, whoever he was, of the melodrama called *Double Door*. It isn't that his research, including possibly even the effect wrought by thunder and lightning, may not be scientifically acceptable. It is rather that in his explorations of the psyches of his heroine and her evil sister he so makes himself up like a medicine show pitchman and employs so many of a pitchman's sales tricks that what you get for your good money is a bottle labeled *Psycho-analysis* but containing only an ounce of the stuff to a quart of tincture of melodramatic potassium nitrate.

Mr. Patrick is also another of the large company of present-day playwrights who are firmly convinced of the desirability of having a play that has not said anything all evening make a big motion of saying it just as the final curtain is due to fall. In this case, doubtless appreciating

that all that has gone before is more or less old-hat to those even remotely acquainted with fiction and drama, he breathlessly comes in at the stretch with a Deep Message. That his deep message not only has next to nothing to do with the play that has preceded it but, in view of the fact that just fifteen minutes before his old grandfather has proved from experience and the records that the world never much changes and always seeks out the worst in itself, hasn't the slightest relevance or sense, doesn't seem to bother him in the least. His deep message — delivered with affecting solemnity by his representative of the younger generation — is the message, no less, of the late Dr. Muriyon: *There is hope!* Only Mr. Patrick takes 729 words to say it.

Another practical way to lose money — unless the Hollywood illiterates admire the above and similar plays to the extent of buying them for screen use — is to find and produce scripts like Allan R. Kenward's *Cry Havoc*. Even if the author's treatment didn't suggest American volunteer nurses under the terror on Bataan Peninsula considerably less than a lot of heterogeneous cuties spending a few days' summer vacation in an Atlantic City dump hotel during a boozy convention of Japanese pin-

ball game concessionaires, his lack of theatrical knowledge in handling his idiotically incorporated spy subplot would spell a jackless box-office.

First, he lodges all suspicion against his low comédienne, forgetting that you can not fool an audience into believing that such a character is a villainous creature and, secondly, that even if you could, the dramatic and tragic final effect hoped for would go for naught in the face of the antecedent laughter. He then commits the further deadly theatrical mistake of turning up the actual spy in the person of a well-known Broadway actress who has been given nothing to do for two whole acts but to sit silently in the background. You can never fool an audience that way either, not in this day. It knows from long experience that no well-known actress is going to sacrifice herself to a job which gives her no slightest opportunity to do anything for an entire evening and that, if she has nothing to do for two acts, she certainly will get her big chance in the last act or know the reason why. Accordingly, and despite all the suspicion thrown elsewhere, that the character played by her is sure to turn out to be the spy — and a profusely rhetorical spy at that —

is a foregone conclusion, and the previous mystery gesticulations not only fail to hold an audience's attention but relax it completely after it has surveyed the actress' inactivity for even one act. The play closed within a week.

In conclusion, unless you can get George Kaufman to direct and stage it for you, it's maybe better now to lay off the favorite old George Abbott farce business about three characters in mad quest of something or other, their increased frenzy when they do not seem to be able to get it and, after two and a quarter hours, their fortuitous achievement of their goal. It showed up again not long ago in something by the Messrs. Brecher and Seff called *Sweet Charity*, i.e., it showed up, to a heavy deficit, for only a week's run. It also has shown up in Joseph Fields' *The Dough-girls*, but with that big Kaufman difference, and is a money-maker. What Kaufman can do with materials that in other hands would be a hole in the pocket is remarkable. Here he has once again taken hold of the old stuff and with humorous editing and as skillful

farce direction as you will find anywhere this side of Congress converted it into agreeably rowdy diversion.

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Check List. — Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, with a company headed by the expert Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson and Edmund Gwenn, is, despite errors in the casting of one important role, certain manuscript cuts and last act direction, so considerably superior in the way of a general production to the antecedent local presentations of the play in English that it is worth your time and attention.

Cole Porter's new song and dance show, *Something For The Boys*, is generally gay, saucy theatre and accordingly commended to the intelligentsia on its night off. Also, for that matter, on its night on.

Nine Girls, by Wilfred Pettitt — Murder melodrama storehouse-bait. Q.E.D.

Dark Eyes, by Madames Miramova and Leontovich — Hilarious comedy about three Russian women on the make in America. Admirably directed by the returned Jed Harris.

Freedom of Speech, Nazi Style: Anyone may grumble who is not afraid to go to a concentration camp. — *Der Angriff*, May 18, 1934.

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Nature and the War

WE ARE constantly reminded, and rightly, that the great war-waging in which we are now engaged may be served by a number of small acts and observances, some of them seeming trivial, some of them seeming quite remote from any possible connection with the furtherance of military victory, but all of them adding up, in

cumulation, to a very real war aid, important and direct. A total war is truly total. It is an entity, like a web. Every strand in its enormous and intricate structure is in contributory relationship, in some degree, to the strength and welfare of the whole. There is a very real connection between the saving of household fats in a farmhouse in



Trumpeter Swan

Frank Utpatel

Minnesota and the welfare of tank troops in North Africa. If soldiers in Iceland prosper, it may be partly — though the connection seem at the time as tenuous as the interweaving of filaments in an elm leaf — because a Mr. Smith in Tallahassee declined to talk about military matters with an affable stranger in a railway coach.

Fats are a weapon. Fuel oil is a weapon. Money is a weapon. Silence is a weapon. Upon a naturalist, surveying the war from his particular coign, it devolves to point out, as often and as emphatically as he can, that nature also is a weapon. The earth is a resource, as potent as many guns. Indeed, it is the primal and basic resource, underlying all others. The value of a chickadee is quite as great as the value of a bullet. The faithful husbanding of an acre is the striking of a blow; the wasting or the pillage of an acre is quite simply, and quite literally, a treachery. That is why, this month, this space is given to "another conservation article." That is why it is proposed to point out here some things that have frequently been pointed out before, but to point them out a little differently.

There have been many sayings, in *Down to Earth*, of how grave a loss we have allowed our land to

suffer by our heedless rapacities: the butchering of the forests, the extermination of the heath hens and the passenger pigeons and the white egrets, the corruption of the soil. But the saying of these things has been largely in general terms, and to some extent in a kind of moral terms: an urging that when a land sickens the spirit also sickens, and a saying that the defilement of an Eden — the physical environment that nourishes the ancient vision of man's inmost heart — is revenged upon the defiler by his finding himself lost in a queer and desperate exile.

But while all this may be true — and a naturalist need be no very transcendental Thoreauvian to feel convinced that it is — the need now is to talk of conservation in sharper and more practical terms. A hemlock tree, without much doubt, is a minister to the spirit, and the symbol of a healing and a homeland. But it will also make part of an airplane. A phoebe may convey, to a receptive heart, flying gleams of that deep assuaging intuition which is anterior to theology and profounder than metaphysics. But a phoebe can also, with literal exactness, help relieve the manpower shortage. In the matter of conserving the earth and its wild creatures, as in most other

matters, moral values turn out quite generally to be also practical values.

Outside the window beside which this is written, there is a small brown-backed bird, feeding in the stubble of what was last summer's vegetable garden. The bird is a common tree sparrow, *Spizella monticola*. In this rural region, a farming country faced by the grave problem of how next year's war-needed crops are to be produced with seriously inadequate manpower, this small tree sparrow and his kind may very well determine, by their prospering or dwindling, the final issue of that problem. It is no extravagant fancy to say so, but a fact as severe and as practical as a bullet. Laboratory examination of great numbers of sparrow stomachs has shown that in winter the tree sparrows feed entirely upon the seeds of weeds. Each bird consumes about a quarter of an ounce a day. Ornithological experts have estimated the amount of weed seed annually destroyed by these birds in, for example, Iowa. On the basis of one-fourth of an ounce of seed eaten daily by each bird, and an average of ten birds to each square mile, remaining in their winter range two hundred days, there would be a total of 1,750,000 pounds of weed seed consumed in a

single season. That total comes, stunningly, to just a little less than nine hundred tons. A tree sparrow is not alone a cheery symbol in the winter of the year and of the heart. A tree sparrow is also — as a gun is, or a bond is, or an assembly line or a judicious silence — a practically serviceable contributory strand in the gigantic web of total war.

II

Tree sparrows are but a single bird species. There are many others, not far from this window. There are downy woodpeckers and hairy woodpeckers. Two-thirds to three-quarters of their food consists of insects; they extract the wood-boring beetles and the wood-devouring ants from the trees; there is owed to them, more than to any other agency, the preservation of our timber. There are grouse, foraging along a snow-drifted hedgerow. They are eaters of clover root weevils and grapevine leaf beetles; they destroy the apple caterpillars that would jeopardize next season's inadequately tended orchards; they are annihilators of army worms. There are chickadees on these acres, and nut-hatches and purple finches and juncos and a dozen other kinds of

birds. It is well that they are here. For in a very precise and practical sense, they are furthering a battle whose military action is five thousand miles away.

Vast and vital as is the populace of birds, it constitutes only one small part of that enormous earth life which can serve us not alone as spiritual refreshment, but as an arsenal. There are the animals. There are the trees. There are the fish. There is water. There is the soil itself, the body of the parental planet whose creatures we are. All these things have a value that is measurable now in the hard and literal terms of dollars, guns, lives. It is only partly a cause for moral regret, now, that we have over-hunted, over-fished, over-grazed the land in the past. A naturalist must point out that it is also, bitterly, cause for practical regret.

In this day, we are acutely conscious of a shortage of food, a growing shortage of wood. They are shortages directly affecting the prosecution of the war. It becomes evident that a more than sentimental sorrow must be felt for that thoughtless rapacity which reduced the haul of salmon from Lake Erie from five million pounds in 1885 to six thousand pounds in 1937, which extirpated forever the passenger pigeons that in the days of Au-

dubon had darkened the skies, which brought the martens near to vanishing and thinned the ivory-billed woodpeckers and the trumpeter swans and the Florida cranes to tiny dwindling companies, and let three billion tons of the precious American soil itself go yearly sliding to the sea. A ton of soil can be as vital as a tank. A tree can be made not only into a poem but also into a gun crate. Nature, man's most ancient spiritual home, can also be for him, in the time of his spirit's desperate trial, an armory.

It is demonstrable that the great organization of total war may be served by birds as well as bullets, and by a forest as well as a field gun; and the demonstration must have a consequence in action. There have always been good reasons, ethical and practical, why it would be well for every farmer to observe common sense and decent restraint in the felling of his timber and the forcing of his land and the slaughtering of the wildlife whereof his ownership of land makes him the responsible steward. But now there is more than good reason; there is urgent and national necessity. There has always been good reason why it were well for the hunter to be scrupulous in observance of the game laws, and why it were well for the camper to conquer that

carelessness which has been sending up two thousand acres out of every million in forest fires every year, and why it were well for all of us to remember that we are not owners of the earth, only brief custodians. But now, in war, the careless setting of a forest fire is more than a lamentable negligence. The heedless interference with wildlife is more than misdemeanor. There is another and uglier word. That word, precisely accurate, is sabotage.

Not every man is farmer, camper, timber cutter; but every man is potentially a conservation aid. A conservational gesture may be a very tiny and trivial one and still, in multiplication, have effect. It may be only the putting out of a

little grain for the nuthatches and chickadees, in the snowbound days of March. It may be only planting a tree or two. It may be only a special carefulness with matches and cigarettes outdoors, or a thinking twice before taking down the gun to go hunting. The observances are not difficult or rigorous. There is satisfaction in them, for the head and for the heart. Not least, there is a singular symbolism. It is a massive irony, with a deep and gratifying beauty in it, that by so simple a kindness as feeding a hungry chickadee, so natural a charity as sparing a stand of trees, we are able to strike a blow against those forces which would banish forever from the earth such weaknesses as kindness and such softnesses as charity.



GROWTH

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

AROUND us abundant examples flourish
In the patience of fish, the response of seasons,
Swelling of seed, algae persisting in snow,
Soft snail-marrow jogging its acorn of shell;
For growth is a tadpole kicking, a wave-like
Weed-like motion of small beginning,
No dolphin-change or leaping.
Perhaps, further in time than solar calculation,
Some sport of the spirit, a psychic mutation,
Will unite pursuer with pursued, fish with otter,
And instinct enter the lost realm of understanding.

THE LIBRARY

Soviet Foreign Policies

BY EUGENE LYONS

IN his valuable book on Russian foreign policy in these war years, Dr. David J. Dallin¹ points out that "in the four public statements made by Stalin during the first fifteen months of war he did not once refer either to communism or to 'class tendencies' in the lands of his allies." Dr. Max M. Laserson, in the foreword to a collection of documents on Russian foreign relations issued by the Carnegie Foundation,² shows that the Kremlin's strategy has fluctuated "between the dogma of universal revolution and the need to safeguard the stability and security of the Soviet State," and notes the signs of "an abandonment of the aims of universal revolution of the first years of the Soviet Union."

These erudite gentlemen merely confirm what is clear enough to the ordinary newspaper customer. There has been no tub-thumping for communism in the Soviet propaganda at home or abroad. Even

partisans of the Moscow régime in America, for instance, shy away from the word communism and the old revolutionary slogans. Books which assume that Russia is still truly communist — such as Albert Rhys Williams' latest rehash of his mildewed memories³ — sound distinctly dated and old-fogey. Poor Williams is almost the last of the romantic Mohicans guarding the earliest illusions, so that his book reads like a Baedeker's guide to a country that ain't there.

The rest of the world is aware that Soviet Russia has gone thoroughly and even rambunctiously nationalist. The "dogma of universal revolution" is little more than a disreputable skeleton in the Soviet closet. If it were not for fascist propaganda, which finds the bugaboo of "world revolution" so useful, and the prattle of nostalgic idealists, it would have been forgotten altogether. Even the naïve internationalism of men like Wendell Willkie and Vice-President Wallace

¹ *Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy*. \$3.75. Yale.

² January 1943 issue of *International Conciliation*, by Max M. Laserson.

³ *The Russians*. \$2. Harcourt, Brace.

seems out of place in the Soviet Union today. A future historian who depended exclusively on Soviet sources for his picture of the current war would be unaware that anything more than the survival of Russia and the enhancement of its power was involved. Reading Soviet papers and speeches, he would scarcely suspect that a great struggle was under way also in the Pacific, or that objectives beyond the elimination of the Hitler régime were at stake.

The war is cracking the old patterns of nationalism and evoking everywhere an awareness of universal purposes transcending political frontiers. But Russia, hermetically sealed against outside influences, is almost the only place immune to these pressures. Old-style nationalism, on the defensive elsewhere, has all the offensive vitality of a new ideal in that paradoxical land. The kind of national patriotism which dominated Europe in the last century was virtually unknown in the sprawling Russia of the Tsars. One of the great curiosities of history is provided by the "international" revolution which in a quarter of a century gave Russia's heterogeneous populations a sense of national cohesion.

"From the topmost official to the most insignificant farm or fac-

tory worker," Mr. Willkie wrote recently, "the Russians are fanatically devoted to Russia and supercharged with the dream of its future development." We would be making a dangerous mistake, however, in assuming that this disposes of the problem represented by a great and smoothly functioning Communist International.

Optimistic editorial writers who think that the abandonment of "world revolution" ends the matter overlook the fact that extreme nationalism is not inconsistent with large-scale intrusion on the life of other nations. They have only to look at Nazi Germany, with its Fifth Columns doing business in all countries, to realize this. The intensity of Nazi nationalism has not meant an indifference to the internal affairs of other nations, but rather the use of paid agents and ideological brethren everywhere in the interests of German national objectives.

Long before this war began, the Communist International had shed its idealistic internationalism. In the very process of purging the idealists and tightening the centralized control, it became a more effective instrument for the promotion of purely Russian purposes. Though not all of them are con-

⁴ New York Times, January 17, 1943.

scious of the fact, communists and their fellow-travelers have become simply convenient agents of Soviet nationalism. Whatever the immediate policies of the Kremlin may demand, foreign communists follow orders uncritically.

Despite the emergence of a flaming Russian nationalism — no, because of that very thing — communist activity the world over is being intensified. A kind of civil war has been precipitated by the comrades in Yugoslavia. Large Chinese forces that should be fighting the Japanese have been immobilized by communist opposition in China, though a word from Moscow would cure that situation. Communists have maneuvered themselves into the De Gaullist movement and are pushing their old “popular front” tactics in all other underground and exile groups. And this activization of communist politics is certain to grow as the likelihood of victory over the Axis grows.

Whether in China or the Balkans, North Africa or North America, communist activity has little if any reference to local purposes. It is an aspect of Soviet foreign policy. It would be silly self-deceit to pretend not to notice that one of the United Nations has at its disposal powerful and utterly obedient

groups in all the other United Nations.

“A serious study of Russian foreign policy,” Dr. Dallin explains in the introduction to his book, “. . . cannot limit itself to polite expressions of uncritical gratitude, but must look beyond the policy of today, anticipate difficulties which may arise on the path we are now treading together.”

His words apply to any intelligent discussion of Russia's rôle in the war and the peace. If, let us say, there were an American International with strong political leverage in Russia and Britain and every other country, would it not be a matter of serious concern to those nations? Could they be expected politely to ignore such intrusion? Yet that is precisely the kind of leverage Russia possesses in Britain, the USA, France and all other nations. The *Communist* International has become merely a *Russian* International.

In the natural and inevitable jockeying for advantage already under way among the Allies, one country has the support of fanatical segments of the populations of all the other Allies. A De Gaullist spokesman in London has explained that the French communists are “also Frenchmen.” The explanation is about as logical as if quislings

in Norway or France sought a voice in a national alignment on the ground that they are "also Norwegians" or "also Frenchmen."

The plain fact of the matter is that through the communists Russia has direct representation in the De Gaullist councils; none of the other United Nations has this privilege. The only certainty is that this representation will be exercised in behalf of Russia rather than France, should the interests of the two countries happen to be at variance.

II

A childish version of recent Soviet history has been popularized by our former Ambassador to Russia, Joseph E. Davies, in his *Mission to Moscow*. Hollywood is translating this piffle to the screen. If Warner Brothers follow the script, we shall be treated to a dramatic rendition of the absurd claim that Stalin was merely wiping out a Fifth Column when he killed off tens of thousands of communists, including his foremost generals and diplomats and economists, and imprisoned hundreds of thousands more. We shall be told in pictures that Russia was "liberating" neighboring peoples when it invaded Poland, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia.

The American public will be asked to believe that Russia and the Communist International were serving the democratic cause when they guaranteed a single fighting front for Hitler in August, 1939.

It is too much to hope that a factual account such as Dr. Dallin presents in his book will disturb the Davies-Warner Brothers legend. But for the thinking minority, the book is a "must." The author bends backward to give Moscow every benefit of every doubt. Yet the story that he tells in painstaking detail is far removed from the propaganda myths. Even John Scott, in his book *Duel for Europe*,⁵ though he strains to put a pro-Soviet interpretation on many doubtful facts, offers an antidote to the Hollywood version. "It is an ugly story, one unworthy of the Russian people," he warns the reader in the preface to his account of Soviet policy. "The Mishas and the Mashas" who today are "fighting as their forefathers fought at Borodino," he adds, "were at best pawns," and cannot be held accountable for the chess game played by their masters.

No act of blindness that can be charged against Britain and France is any blacker than Moscow's pact with Germany. Both Dallin and Scott tell how Soviet officials saw

⁵ \$3.50. Houghton Mifflin.

the humiliated British and French military missions off at the Moscow railroad station immediately after the pact with Ribbentrop had been announced. When the train pulled out, they recount, two Russian military men looked at one another and guffawed with amusement. In justice to the Mishas and Mashas, it should be remembered that this laughter has since been paid for in millions of Russian corpses, a devastated country and incalculable misery. Dallin writes:

The Soviet government refused to see that the destruction of Poland also meant the elimination of a potential ally. It was unwilling to regard the defeat of France as a weakening of its own military position. It refused to recognize that the "second front" for which Russia would one day clamor was rapidly being eliminated.

Even after the fall of France the inertia of that policy was too strong to be quickly overcome. Few things in modern history are more tragically grotesque than the last months of Russian isolationism. The USSR had forfeited the respect of millions of its admirers; had won the undying hatred of the Poles, Finns, and other neighbors; had helped to weaken its destined allies and to strengthen its destined enemy. But even now, when everyone else saw the blow descending, Stalin still tried frantically to buy

Hitler off. He hastened to recognize the short-lived pro-Nazi government in Iraq; he expelled the Greek, Norwegian, Dutch and Yugoslav diplomats; he ridiculed Churchill's and Roosevelt's warnings that Germany was poised to strike.

"Distrustful of all other governments," according to Dallin, "it was Soviet Russia's policy to stand alone." Moreover,

The policy of isolation was not a caprice, a whim on the part of individuals, but a living, organic element of an entire Weltanschauung. *It was not discarded even after June 22, 1941.*

I have italicized the last sentence, because it suggests the moral of the story told by Dallin and Scott. Scott's main thesis is that within the global war there is a second and no less fateful war — the duel between Hitler and Stalin for hegemony over Europe. The implications of that duel cannot be blinked. Dallin formulates the twofold conflict a bit differently, in terms of the fundamental Soviet concept of world relations. According to this concept, "two separate conflicts are now being waged within the framework of a single world war." One is "the aggressive antagonism of Germany and Japan against the rich 'owners of the world'" and the other is the "combined antag-

onism of the entire world against the socialist state."

It would assuredly be reckless self-delusion to ignore the Soviet theory of a dual war. The most generous appraisal of the Stalin-Hitler deal of August 1939 is that Russia feared a doublecross and beat the Western Powers to it. If it is true that Stalin still fears a doublecross, then the danger that he may again "steal a march" on his present allies cannot be wished away. That is the clear warning of both the Scott and the Dallin books, fairly explicit in Dallin's case; implicit in Scott. By refusing to notice or to speak of such disturbing contradictions, we merely postpone adjustments and make them increasingly difficult. Mutual understanding and mutual commitments can be achieved *now*, in the heat of battle, more easily than later, when the victory has apparently been won.

In the hour of defeat and impending collapse in 1918, the Germans—including Junkers, industrialists and even monarchists—evaded the ultimate disaster by embracing democracy. In retrospect, it is possible to recognize the move as a stratagem for heading off invasion and dismemberment. Is it not possible that in the hour of a new defeat and a new impending

collapse, all groups except the Nazis—and even a lot of *them*—may see in communism a similar stratagem for this day? A "surrender to the East" may seem to offer them more chance of national survival than surrender to the East *and* the West.

Stalin, a master of psychological warfare, has not hesitated to hold out that hope. Alone among the United Nations' leaders, he has emphasized that his hatred is directed solely against the Nazi régime. In his most recent speech, last November 7, he again underlined his view that "it is impossible to destroy Germany" and "not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany"—indeed, that these things are "also inadvisable from the viewpoint of the future."

Should the Germans seek an "out" from the trap of defeat, the unity of the United Nations, and in particular the policies adopted by Moscow, will decide the fate of humankind for generations to come. Eventualities should be foreseen and solutions agreed upon in advance. The whole complex of problems developing around Russia cannot be solved with chocolate-coated books by amateur diplomats or moronic movies by Warner Brothers. These problems are not insoluble, but recognition that

they exist is the indispensable first step. The challenge of a complicated set of realities can be met only on the basis of knowledge, understanding and candor.



(Continued from page 260)

GENERALS AND GEOGRAPHERS, by Hans W. Weigert. \$3.00. *Oxford*. This is probably the best-informed discussion of Haushofer and his geopolitics in the English language. Dr. Weigert, who teaches international relations at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, points out that German geopolitics is a pseudo-science, serving the barbaric aims of Nazism, and that its ideas have crept into many American writings. He is especially enlightening in his sections dealing with Haushofer's relations with the German Army, and the fatal shock his whole philosophy received when Hitler's soldiers met the superior Russian armies.

A HISTORY OF SOCIAL THOUGHT, by Paul Hanly Fursey. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. A rapid survey of sociology from primitive times down to the present by the professor and head of the department of sociology at the Catholic University of America. It is frankly written from the Catholic point of view, the author holding that "amid the general turmoil and confusion" of these times "a remarkable series of pronouncements emanated from the Holy See, outlining in clear and dignified language the only possible solution for the problems of the modern world." The volume has the imprimatur of Archbishop Curley of Baltimore and Washington.

MARCEL PROUST, compiled by Gladys

Dudley Lindner. \$3.50. *Stanford University Press*. A collection of sixty-nine British and American estimates of the last truly great writer produced by Republican France. Some of the pieces are condensed and among them are severe criticisms as well as adoring tributes.

MY APPEAL TO THE BRITISH, by Mahatma Gandhi. \$1.00. *John Day*. Carefully selected and edited articles published by Gandhi in his paper *Harizan*; also statements, interviews and answers made to direct questions by foreign journalists about Gandhi's attitude to the Japanese menace. The *leit-motiv* of all these is his request that the British withdraw immediately and "leave India to God, and if that is too much, leave it to anarchy." His thesis is that if the British withdrew from India the Japanese would have no reason to invade that country, and if they did, India would then be able to use its method of non-violent non-cooperation with such telling effect — according to Gandhi's faith — that this alone would surely bring about Japan's ultimate withdrawal from India.

NAZIS IN THE WOODPILE, by Egon Glesinger. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Dr. Glesinger, who is associated with the International Forest Products Committee, now situated in Washington, first points out the tremendous importance of wood in Nazi economy — for the manufacture of sugar, wood proteins, wood fodder for cattle, wood-gas, etc. — and then shows the devious plans formulated by the Nazis long before September 1939 for capturing the wood resources of Europe, and ultimately of Asia and the Americas. He was in on many of these plans, and hence speaks from first-hand knowledge. His study is of the highest importance to an understanding of Nazi methodology. There is a foreword by Douglas Miller.

STELLA, by Herbert Davis. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. The president of Smith College reviews all the evidence regarding the relationship between Dean Swift and Stella, whom he called "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable

friend, that I, or perhaps any other person, ever was blessed with." Not a contribution to literary history, but a charming book in every sense.

MENTAL HEALTH IN COLLEGE, by Clements C. Fry. \$2.00. *The Commonwealth Fund; New York*. Dr. Fry, who is lecturer in psychiatry and mental hygiene and psychiatrist to the Department of University Health at Yale, here considers 1257 cases of students, undergraduate and graduate, who consulted his department for psychological guidance during the past ten years. Only about 8 percent were "abnormal," but the others suffered from all sorts of mild maladjustments, social, sexual, family and scholastic. A fascinating pioneer study. Dr. Fry was assisted by Edna G. Rostow, research assistant in psychiatry and mental hygiene at Yale.

WILL SHAKSPEARE AND THE DYER'S HAND, by Alden Brooks. \$5.00. *Scribner's*. Another in the long series of books on the identity of the author of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Brooks, who has devoted some twenty years to his study, dismisses Bacon and many others as the "real" authors of the plays and poems. He also brands the putative "Shakspeare" as no more than "a countryman with a gift of the gab . . . a play purveyor, a playbroker, and so agent and sponsor of the Shakespearean plays." The real Poet, says Mr. Brooks, was Sir Edward Dyer (1543-1607) and he presents a mass of evidence to support this view. The book obviously is no crank job, and forms a respectable contribution to literary scholarship.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE NATURE OF MAN, by Theodore Spencer. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Dr. Spencer, who is associate professor of English at Harvard, is less concerned with the intrinsic merit of Shakespeare's works, as with the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of the time in which they were written, though he readily admits that "Shakespeare's vision of human life transcends anything given him by his time." A valuable job of research.

DR. RUDOLF BOLLING TEUSLER, by Howard Chandler Robbins and George K. MacNaught. \$2.00. *Scribner's*. A somewhat fulsome and over-written tribute to the memory of a very useful man. Dr. Teusler (1876-1934) was a medical missionary who devoted more than half his life to building up St. Luke's International Medical Center in Tokyo, one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world. Our last ambassador to Japan, Joseph C. Grew contributes a foreword.

GUADALCANAL DIARY, by Richard Tregaskis. \$2.50. *Random House*. A clear, factual account of the attack on Guadalcanal from July 26th, to September 25th, 1942. Every man knew his duty and did it well. There are exciting tales of heroism here, in this proud chapter of American history.

THE DRAMATIC CRITICISM OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, by Constance Frick. \$2.00. *Cornell University Press*. Miss Frick has winnowed the millions of words written by Mr. Nathan, with a patience the critic admires, and analyzed his life and works objectively. The result of this exploration is a needed illumination, inasmuch as the only other treatises on the subject are out of print. Nathan's life and works, his critical credo, his influence and his books all come under examination. Mr. Nathan himself contributes a preface.

NO DAY OF TRIUMPH, by J. Saunders Redding. \$3.00. *Harper's*. A middle-class, well-educated Negro of impressive literary gifts looks at his own beginnings and reports on a recent tour among his own race in the South. He found not only the customary lack of democracy in the treatment of a minority race, but serious division within the race itself: the lighter setting himself up above the darker Negro, the teaching profession smugly isolating itself from its own race's deepest needs. He lets many an Exhibit A talk at length and the result is a half-dozen superb short stories. Over all, a book that illuminates memorably a racial problem.

THE OPEN FORUM

WHAT TO DO WITH THE GERMANS

The editors of THE MERCURY have put before representative and well-informed Americans the question of what to do with the vanquished Germans when the victory is won. We shall publish as many of the answers as space permits from month to month.

SIR: The Germans and the Japanese can neither be trusted nor exterminated. It is remotely possible that they may be conditioned democratically after a decade or so of educational supervision. But that also is a job in mass psychology pedagogics, which might be called horse training, that is impossible for any international body as human wisdom stands now. This problem will not be solved by any man's ukase, however intelligent it may be. It will be solved by trial and error, by prayerful patience, and it may take all of this century and most of next to find the answer to your question.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Emporia,
Kansas.

SIR: Our success in making a lasting peace is going to be largely measured by our wisdom in dealing with defeated enemy peoples. Their behavior in the future will determine how much peace we can have and our problem is to devise means of turning their thoughts and ambitions away from war.

I do not belong to either of the extreme schools of those who would exterminate enemy peoples or those who would let them off scot free and hope for the best. There are very few who really belong to the first school — belong to it enough to do even a modest share of the extermination themselves. Those who belong to the second school are ignoring the lessons of history.

Within the limits of this brief note I can no

more than suggest some headings of a program for discussion:

That the United Nations formulate their plans on this subject before the end of the war and make them public. A sane policy — firm but farsighted — might well hasten the forces of disintegration in enemy countries. It would also ensure that the victors work together in peace as they have in war.

That it be made clear that we propose to differentiate between the leaders and those guilty of brutal crimes on the one hand, and the mass of the nation on the other.

That swift and exemplary justice be meted out to the first category, but that aside from the proper consequences of defeat, there be no indiscriminate long-term punishment for the whole nation. This would be calculated to do away with the idea that the enemy peoples are obliged to go on fighting to avoid extermination and would contribute to the idea that they would do well to end the war before we change our minds.

It would be fatuous to believe that, even with a wise policy on our part, things will go smoothly after the war. There will be many scores to be paid off, a host of private and public vendettas, and we must be prepared for copious bloodletting. We can assume that there will be riots and revolts and revolutions and *coups d'état*, assassinations and resurrections of war before we get everything in hand.

There remains the treatment of the enemy nations after the guilty have been dealt with. These become problem children and must be

treated accordingly. First of all, they must be disarmed — more thoroughly and effectively than was done last time; we have some valuable experience on this subject. Second, they should be required to adopt the forms of representative government. And we should help keep such governments going as a brake upon the adventurers who will doubtless try to start all over again. Third, we must with the armistice furnish famine relief to friend and foe alike in an effort to get the world on its feet. The United Nations must furnish help in getting enemy countries back to work as the best guarantee against political and social chaos.

We may as well recognize that, after a war of such proportions, there can be no adequate reparations. It will be necessary to study what the defeated enemy can do within the scope of our aims. But we have ample experience to show that we shall get neither reparations nor peace from an effort to put whole nations to work indefinitely for astronomical reparations. That would merely furnish the demagogues with fresh grievances to start the old familiar cycle of agitation, treaty breaking and war.

Our own interests will be served by seeking to furnish the best elements in the defeated countries a real and obvious incentive to cooperate in building a peaceful world — in the meantime retaining adequate force to deal summarily with any attempt to revert to the old familiar methods of aggression.

HUGH GIBSON

*(Former United States Ambassador
to Poland, Switzerland and Belgium.)*

*Pauling,
New York.*

SIR: If a just and firm peace is to endure in the postwar world, Germany must be encouraged to become a member of the brotherhood of free peoples. But the terms of the peace treaty must make it impossible for Germany again to violate the peace of the world as she has done twice within a quarter of a century. It may be of value at this time to consider some of the conditions under which Germany could be part of the society

of nations without again becoming a menace. Such conditions might include the following:

1. The United Nations to take all possible measures to establish within Germany a government and a social order embodying the principles of international morality.

2. The boundaries of Germany to be restored to their position as of January 30, 1933.

3. All the leaders of both the Nazi party and of the Army, and members of the party and the Army and government functionaries and citizens who have been guilty of violation of the penal code existing in Germany on January 30, 1933, to be tried before courts composed of anti-Nazi Germans; those guilty of crimes in violation of the pre-war penal codes of the invaded countries to be tried before courts composed of nationals of such countries and of neutral countries.

4. Every member of the Gestapo to be confined to an internment camp for the balance of his life, possibly in Siberia or Madagascar, where he must engage in self-supporting labor.

5. Every member of the National Socialist Party to be deprived of civil rights for the balance of his life, except for good reason after probation.

6. The property of the members of the Nazi party who have enriched themselves at the expense either of the State or of the people or of conquered peoples to be expropriated and distributed among those who have suffered at their hands.

7. Leaders and members of the Nazi party and of the Army who are willing to be witnesses against those guilty of crimes and act against such criminals before the defeat of Germany to expect a reduction in their sentences.

8. Germany not to have an army but to contribute a quota of anti-Nazi citizens to an international police force, and not to have a *gendarmarie* large enough to invade any other country.

9. No form of armament within Germany to be permitted; a commission composed of representatives of both the United Nations and neutral countries to enforce this ban by

supervising heavy industry to make certain that the industrial plants are not used for the secret development of armaments or that airplanes are built which could be converted to war uses.

10. Germany to furnish battalions of workers to rebuild devastated areas and to help in the resettlement of families driven from their homes by the Nazis.

11. Land reforms to be effected within Germany which will eliminate the large landholdings, this property being used for the settlement of peasants and workers.

12. Plebiscites to be conducted, not less than two years after a peace treaty is signed, in Austria, Sudeten, Danzig, Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace-Lorraine and the Polish Corridor in which the right to vote will be limited to those who were living in those territories prior to January 30, 1933, and who never were members of the National Socialist Party or similar organizations.

ARTHUR J. GOLDSMITH

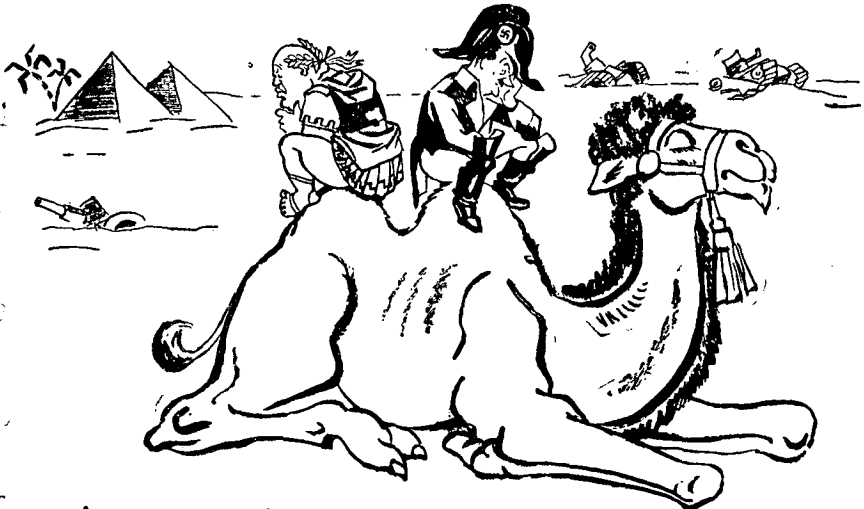
New York City.

SIR: The history of Germany is largely the story of wars and invasions. The Cimbri and

Teutons set the style. Tacitus tells how the Germans lived by and for war. Barbarossa, called *Pacificus*, invaded Italy six times, and all through the Middle Ages the Germans were attacking Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Scandinavia, or the Slavs. Frederick the Great spent most of his life in aggressive wars. William I attacked little Denmark. In 1912, the Crown Prince wrote a book entitled *Fresh, Happy War*. William II in the first World War invaded Belgium, France, Serbia, Russia, Poland and the Ukraine. The German aggressions of the second World War are too numerous and too recent to mention.

From all this it appears that the tradition of aggressive invasion is firmly implanted in the German blood. The question is, how can it be eradicated. The answer is, only through education.

Through all history, German successes by aggression, helped by the writings of many of their philosophers, have convinced the German people that they are a master race of supermen. This conviction can be overcome only through education extending over a long period of time. Present-day Germans must be convinced that they are not superior and fu-



Dasso and Kelen

ture generations must be educated in the principles of decency and international co-operation and brotherhood.

To accomplish this, the first requisite is complete victory by the United Nations. That accomplished, the first task is to convince the Germans, as they were not convinced after the last war, that they have been defeated, not stabbed in the back by Jews. To do this, small detachments of the forces of the United Nations should enter every German city, parade down the main streets with flags flying and bands playing, and finally settle in some castle or hotel to make periodic inspections of all factories, to see that no implements of war are being made. This occupation should last for at least fifty years, till all the younger generations of Germans are educated in the principles of decency, co-operation, and world brotherhood.

The Germans have been taught for years not only that war is the ideal condition and that peace is useful only for the preparation for war, but that they are a master race of supermen. This idea must be educated out of them and it cannot be done in one generation.

PAUL V. BACON

*Boston,
Massachusetts.*

EXPEDIENCY — OR APPEASEMENT

SIR: May I express myself frankly about "Our Government's Case for Expediency," as summed up so ably by Kingsbury Smith?

"Expediency" is a most diplomatic word, but unfortunately it is a transparent euphemism for what is better known as "appeasement." There is little if any difference in the reasoning behind the State Department's justification for dealing with Vichymen in North Africa, or expected dealings with dictator Franco, disgruntled anti-Mussolini Fascists, or German Junkers, and the reasoning behind the Munich settlement and other tragic appeasements.

Never mind the moral considerations. I am willing to face the problem on the ground of

hard practicality. The sad fact about appeasement is that it fails to appease — about expediency, that it proves inexpedient. In every case, the justification is the saving of lives now — in every case the result is the loss of vastly more lives later. It would be highly desirable to fight this war without undue loss of life. But it can't be done.

What the State and War Departments advance as matters of immediate expediency, as choices made under pressure, are really nothing of the sort. They are products of long and deeply-rooted policies. "Darlan deals," to use Mr. Smith's phrase, are merely manifestations of the passive and negative policy of the democratic nations for the past twenty years. It led to the destruction of all the Continental countries that followed the policy. Great Britain seems to have learned that lesson.

America, far from the scene, apparently has yet to learn it. Call it "realism" or "expediency," it's the old appeasement game and the U.S.A. seems to be the main player today. Its purpose is to *postpone solutions*. Unfortunately, the unsolved problems catch up with us. Until 1941, we followed this line under the illusion that it would save our peace; now we follow it under the delusion that it will spare casualties.

I admit that a policy of expediency could be excused if it achieved its purpose. But already it is clear that the latest sample of this attitude, in North Africa, has brought failure. The fact is that despite "deals" we had to fight to get into North Africa, and that three months after our landing there, North Africa has three times as many German soldiers as on the day the expedition landed.

The inevitable result of such playing with fascist dynamite is that we shall push the masses of Europe into the arms of Russia. The basic impulses of the European peoples are all against the Nazis, their collaborationists and their quislings. They looked forward to the arrival of Americans as rescuers from such elements. The reactions of three hundred million Europeans to our traffic with profascists was expressed by a London newspaper which wrote: "We did not need an American

expeditionary force to tell us that it is easier to compromise with the enemy than to fight it."

Certainly, communist propagandists now have a perfect opportunity to tell the Europeans that they can expect no understanding from American "plutocrats." Explanations and soft speeches will not erase the awful effect of our "Darlan deals." The arrival in London of spokesmen of the French Communist Party, the turning of great portions of Yugoslavia and Greece and even Germany towards Russia is, in part at least, the result of our obstinate insistence on dealing with reactionary elements and ignoring truly popular and revolutionary elements.

ROLAND JACKS

Chicago,
Illinois.

AUTHOR TO REVIEWER

SIR: In his review of my book, *On Native Grounds*, in your January issue, Professor William Y. Tindall ends by saying that I have "tried to do a five-year job in two." Now this is most astonishing guesswork on Professor Tindall's part, since it did take me just five years to write the book! It was begun in 1937 and completed in the late summer of 1942. I am now wondering whether the point Professor Tindall hoped to establish by his unfounded guess still holds.

ALFRED KAZIN

New York City.

A MODERN COMPOSER ON "MODERNISM"

SIR: In general, I heartily applaud Mr. Sargeant's article "Music Between Two Wars." However, I think certain details might be questioned, or at least elaborated upon.

Of course, the younger generation of American composers is rightly turning its back on those middle-aged (and older) "modernists" who have in effect denied music's emotional and spiritual function. Nevertheless, these younger men agree that there was at least some justification for the revolt against the

type of emotionalism often found in such composers as Wagner, Strauss, and Tchaikovsky, for at times it *was* bombastic and specious. I think what these younger composers would like to see is a more *genuine* spiritual and emotional expression than is often found in late nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century music.

You will find that their heroes, spiritually speaking, are apt to be Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Moussorgsky, and others whose content matches their manner. Even so, it is generally agreed, now that the experimental era is over, that it really contributed something of value in the way of new technical material if not in actual masterpieces. And to call dissonance "noise" is absurd, since it is a purely relative term. (There was a time, in the late Middle Ages, when even a simple triad was considered dissonant.)

At present, the chief danger for many young American composers is that they will take too seriously the ideas of such European expatriates as Hindemith and Stravinsky, who preach and practice the cult of "craftsmanship," *i.e.*, the manner of the early classicists divorced from their emotional content. For that reason, Shostakovich, although hardly Beethoven's successor, or even Tchaikovsky's for that matter, is a tremendously heartening phenomenon, and embodies a moral of great importance for young men still afraid to express a pint-sized emotion.

HUNTER JOHNSON

(Rome Prize in Musical Composition
1933; Guggenheim Fellowship 1941.)

Benson,
North Carolina.

SIR: Re "Music Between Two Wars," in your January issue: doesn't Winthrop Sargeant know any better, or is it that he just doesn't care?

The first evidence of Mr. Sargeant's loose thinking is in his attempt to chop off a segment of time, enclose an artistic phenomenon within it, and then proceed to discuss that phenomenon as something totally unrelated

(Continued on page 382)

THE CONTRIBUTORS

VERA ALEXANDROVA, born in Russia, educated in Moscow, now residing in America, has contributed studies on Russian literature to periodicals in France, Germany and her native country. Her work is familiar to the Russian colony in this country through Russian-language literary and political magazines published here. . . . THURMAN ARNOLD, as Special Assistant to the United States Attorney General, has fought monopoly at home and cartel arrangements internationally. He is regarded as the foremost New Deal advocate of a return to unhampered competitive business — to “free” as against “regimented” economy. Born in Wyoming in 1891, Dr. Arnold became a lawyer, then a professor of law, teaching at the University of Wyoming, the University of West Virginia and from 1931 to 1937 at Yale. He is author of *The Folklore of Capitalism* and other books. . . . MILLARD C. FAUGHT is a freelance writer, chiefly on economic subjects. . . . STEWART H. HOLBROOK, who has appeared frequently in these pages, is the author of *None More Courageous*, *Murder Out Yonder*, *Ethan Allen*, *Iron Brew* and other books. An industrious digger on out-of-the-way subjects, his tastes run strongly to Americana. He is at present living in the Northwest. He has worked in the timber industry for years and has written extensively on timber subjects. . . . CARL JONAS, born in Omaha in 1913, enlisted in the Coast Guard last year. He has worked as a newspaper reporter and radio script writer, but narrative fiction has always been his chief interest. . . . EMERY REVES, during the decade before the outbreak of the war, headed the Cooperation Press Service, in Paris and London — a syndicate distributing “by-line” articles to newspapers in seventy countries. Among a hundred prominent Europeans whose work he handled were Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, Duff Cooper, Edouard Herriot, Leon Blum, Count Sforza. After settling in the United States, he wrote his book, *A Democratic Manifesto*. . . . CURT RIESS is the author of *Underground Europe*, *The Self-Betrayed*, *Total Espionage* and other books. German-born, he became a successful journalist in France and after its collapse he came to the United States, where his books have been widely read and his articles have appeared in leading national magazines. . . . LAWRENCE C. SALTER, former science editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, is now associate publicity director of the American Medical Association. . . . JACK VAN NORDEN, a freelance writer, has studied the liquor problem in this country, Europe, Australia and the Far East.

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OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page 379)

to what went before and devoid of influence
on what comes after. In any case, a slightly
better date would have been 1915, the year
in which Tristan Tzara published the first
dada manifesto in Zurich.

The very fact that he wrote his article dis-
proves its thesis: that this movement is un-
important and that it is going to or should
drop out of sight; that it is just a hiccup in
the stream of art, from which we ought to
turn somewhat embarrassedly aside. That is
impossible in theory, it has not happened in
fact, and it is not likely to happen.

Mr. Sargeant has an unsteady footing on
still another ground: why separate music from
the other branches of art, as he seems to wish
to? What gives him the impression that any
one form of art develops independently . . . ?

Furthermore, a person who puts the whole
impulse behind the "modern" movement
down to a mere search for "originality" dem-
onstrates an embarrassing ignorance. All the
moderns were not just purely and simply try-
ing to upset the Winthrop Sargeants of this
world, as our author seems innocently to
believe. While the followers of dada did, they
had a purpose and they were the first to de-
clare dada dead. Research into primitive and
folk arts was undertaken *after* the explosive
period in a quite serious effort to get down to
fundamentals and find a fresh start. As for the
dadaists, they were disgusted by the over-
sentimentality and lack of invention of the
period in which they had developed. They
deliberately set out to stir things up, in the
same way that any young and lively person
might yell and throw things in the face of any
large body of stuffed shirts — such as aca-
demic artists. And they were not opposed to
Romanticism *per se*, since the modern move-
ment is a Romantic one for the most part.
What they *were* opposed to was emotionalism
and the academism to which the earlier Ro-
manticism had retired.

It is quite true that American composers echo very clearly the strains of his "école de Paris," and that is one of the reasons why so much American music is negligible. That does not mean that the "école de Paris" is no good. All it seems to point to is a rather sycophantic attitude on the part of American musicians. Since when, however, has America originated any form of artistic expression, or invented anything new — exclusive of primitive folk art, which seems to be unacceptable to Mr. Sargeant? Very few countries in their period of growth and development (and we are still undeniably in such a period) have the time or the desire to produce an "original" and characteristic national art. Mr. Sargeant himself is proposing that we model ourselves on merely another group of Europeans, and one of rather dubious superiority at that.

In any case, the reaction against most of the modern artistic currents would be a swing toward classicism rather than toward the banal Romanticism of Puccini, Verdi, *et al.*

PHYLLIS MACLENNAN

-New York City.

MEMOS FOR THE WCTU

SIR: My old grandpappy is ninety-four and has had two shots of liquor before dinner all his life and still seems to be doing okay. Hazel M. Woodruff (of the WCTU) says liquor is worse than opium. I don't believe my grandpère would have survived two daily shots of opium for this long, nor do I think anyone so believes. . . . Everyone knows that our boys are doing okay and more power to those expendables if they had a quick snort or two after hours on the water!

SIDNEY MORELAND

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

SIR: It is true that "Bottles Do Not Win Battles." All the same, give me one drinker — not what is called a habitual drinker — against any two non-drinkers in fighting or endurance and I'll prove to the world that the drinker is the better man. . . . We soldiers are willing to give our lives, but don't take away something that we want. We are fighting for freedom and drinks come under that head.

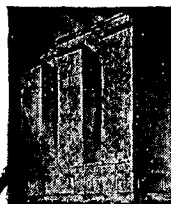
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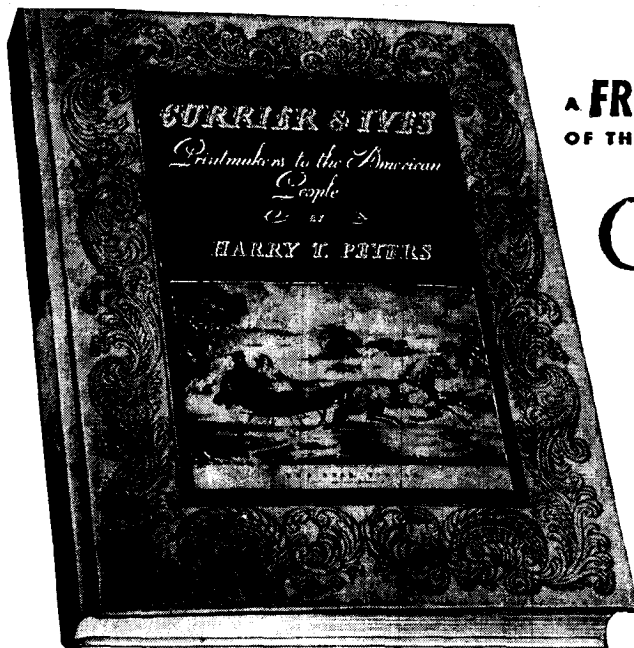
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